McKean County Miner.

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HOLIDAY WEDDING BELLS RING.

Three Popular Young Couple United For Life.

ALL SMETHPORT YOUNG LADIES.

Davis-Biever, Wednesday, Dec. 29—Donovan-Robinson, Saturday, Jan. 1 — Saulpaugh-Hungiville, Wednesday, Jan. 5.

Since our last issue three well-known and popular young couples of Smethport have been united in marriage and the Miner takes this opportunity of wishing them all a long, happy and prosperous life of wedded bliss.

Davis-Biever.

On Wednesday morning, Dec. 29, 1909, at 10:30 o'clock, at the home of the bride's father, J. H. Biever, on Water street, this borough, Mr. Abraham L. Davis of Bridgeport, Ill., and Miss Orra Biever, were united in marriage by Rev. Perkins of Colegrove.

The wedding was a quiet one, only the members of the immediate families being present, and after the nuptial repast was served the happy couple left for a short honeymoon trip, after which they will reside in Bridgeport.

The bride is a charming and popular young lady who has been the bookkeeper in Fry & Comes store for several years past who has a host of friends in this borough. And the groom is a well-known young man who formerly lived in Colegrove and holds a responsible position with the Standard Oil Company.

Donovan-Robinson.

At St. Elizabeth's parsonage on Saturday, Jan. 1, 1910, Rev. J. F. Dugan said the words which united for life in the bonds of holy matrimony Mr. Stephen Donovan and Miss May Robinson both of this borough.

The bride is a charming young lady who has been a waitress in the Commercial Hotel for some time past and the groom is a well-known glass bottle blower employed by the Berney-Bond Co.

In the evening a number of friends of the young couple met at the Commercial Hotel and made merry until a late hour.

Saulpaugh-Hungiville.

At six o'clock yesterday morning, Wednesday, January 5, 1910, at St. Elizabeth's church, Mr. John G. Saulpaugh of Redhook, N. Y., and Miss Edna, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Hungtiville of this borough were united in marriage by Rev. J. F. Dugan. The wedding was a quiet one, only the immediate relatives of the bride being present at the ceremony.

After the ceremony they returned to the home of the bride's parents where an excellent repast was served. Mr. and Mrs. Saulpaugh left on the morning train for a honeymoon trip of about a week when they will return to Smethport and make their home in the future.

The bride is a popular member of the younger set in this place and the groom has been employed here for the past two years as chauffeur for S. F. Redfield and both have many friends in this borough who wish them a cup full of joy.

An Excellent Attraction.

Last night "St. Elmo," as dramatized by Neil Twomey, was played at the Smethport Lyceum to a medium-sized audience—we might say small audience when the quality of the production is considered.

This play and company was practically unknown to our theatre-goers and as it had only been booked a short time the people did not turn out as they surely would have had they known what was in store for them. The cast only numbered seven people but every one of them were artists such as are seldom seen in a town of this size and every person who was fortunate enough to see this performance was more than repaid for coming out on such a stormy night.

Neil Twomey in the leading role of St. Elmo and John Darrosh in the role of Edna Earle were exceptionally good and received a number of curtain calls. The rest of the cast was unusually well taken and we have no hesitancy in recommending this company to the theatre-going public in this section.

Wanted—A loan of $600.00 on a Norwich farm. Inquire at this office.

MAN WAS KILLED.

Struck by Erie Motor Car Near Killbuck.

Yesterday's Era says: The Erie's motor car which leaves this city at 9:55 a. m. for Salamanca, while making the trip yesterday forenoon, struck a sleigh, loaded with sawlogs, near Killbuck, N. Y., and instantly killed the driver, DeWitt Cole, of Salamanca. One of the horses which he was driving met a similar fate.

The car was running at the usual speed and on time. Near the Killbuck crossing there is a sharp curve and the motorman did not see the sleigh until it was too late to stop. He blew the whistle and applied the air brakes, but was unable to avoid the collision. At the crosing the wind had blown the snow from the highway and when the heavily loaded sleigh struck the bare spot, the driver was unable to clear the track before being struck.

The collision was terrific and the driver and logs were hurled from the track with great force. Cole fell near the rails of the motor track and the wheels struck and crushed in the top of his head producing instant death. The horse was killed by the logs as they were hurled through the air.

The car was in charge of Conductor John Duggan and Motorman Palmer. With Motorman Palmer in the cab was a young man named Neal. Both escaped injury, although the forward part of the car was battered in and considerably damaged. Later the car was hauled to Salamanca and subsequently brought to Bradford where it was placed in the shops for repairs.

The body of Cole was taken to Salamanca after Coroner Martin of that place had been notified.

The motor car has been used on the Bradford division for some month and this accident is the first of any consequence to happen to it.

The force of the collision was sufficient to give the few passengers on the car a severe jolt, but they were not injured to any extent.

A GOOD WOMAN GONE.

Mrs. Ira Hall Died in Olean on Sunday Last.

Mrs. Alice E. Hall, wife of Ira T. Hall, formerly of this borough, died at her home in Olean on Sunday evening, January 2, 1910, after an illness of about three days. On Thursday Mrs. Hall had a stroke of paralysis and she was unable to rally from its effects. She was in her 59th year of life.

The deceased was born in Bradford on the 8th of March, 1850, and about ten years ago she was married to Mr. Hall. Soon after they came to Smethport where they resided until last fall when they moved to Olean. Mrs. Hall was a woman of excellent qualities and during her residence here she made a host of friends who will deeply mourn her loss. She and her aged husband were most devoted and her loss will be an unusually severe blow to him. Mrs. Hall leaves besides her husband two brothers, Horatio Brown of Olean and William Brown of Virginia.

The body was brought to Smethport on Tuesday and the funeral services were held from the Methodist Episcopal church. The burial was in Rose Hill cemetery.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

It Was Celebrated by Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Engstrom, Jan. 1, 1910.

On Saturday, January 1, 1910, at the residence of Samuel Bloomburg on West Main street, this borough, the 50th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Engstrom was celebrated surrounded by all their children and grand children.

Mr. Engstrom was born in Sweden in 1838 and Mrs. Engstrom in 1843. They were married January 1, 1860, and came to this country in 1900, coming at once to Smethport where they have since made their home. Their children are John E., of Jamestown, N. Y., Amandus, Oscar, Victor, Gustave, Otto, Adolph and Mrs. Ida Bloomburg of this place.

A handsome loving cup with an appropriate inscription was presented by their children and a gold ring to each from their grand children. Also numerous gifts from neighbors and friends.

Refreshments were served at a late hour in the evening and an enjoyable time was had by all present. All who know this venerable couple wish they may have many happy returns of the day.

Advertise in The Miner.

A Letter from Mr. Kane.

Through your columns I wish to appeal to temperance Republicans and Democrats, especially the former, for prompt and energetic action. Commonly temperance men lie still until the legislative candidates of their respective parties have been elected and practically nominated. Then, when it is too late, they begin to lament that they have no choice between supporting a liquorist or deserting their party. Three-fifths of the votes of McKean county supported the Prohibition Amendment. Temperance sentiment is even stronger now. It does not respond readily to local option, because of the manifest imperfections of that mere patch on the rotton old license garment. It distrusts half-hearted supporters of half-way measures. But the sincere, openly declared advocate of prohibition who promises to support legislation tending toward it; and who, as the nominee of a large party, has a prospect of success, can confidently count on the bulk of the temperance vote out of all three parties. It is probable that, on the strength of an open declaration favorable to prohibition, such a candidate for assembly or congress would be endorsed by the Prohibition party and its eight hundred votes in this county would go to him in a mass. Last year a Democrat, R. W. Hilton, who previously had been know to favor prohibition and whose uncle is a prominent prohibitionist, was elected by the prohibition endorsement and by temperance Republicans flocking to his support. L. B. Shaw declaring for local option solely, on account of the referendum principle involved, although receiving the full Prohibition party vote, failed to secure that of the temperance Republicans, and was defeated. Evidently nonpartisan temperance men will not permit the ballots to support a legislator who is not known to favor prohibition. Nor is it likely that the party prohibitionists will again make the mistake of endorsing any one who fails to make an open declaration. Like a safe deposit box, there are two keys to the situation, one held by the party Prohibitionists, the other by the temperance Republicans and Democrats. Both are necessary to unlock it, and neither will fit unless it meets a prohibition declaration and a record consistent with it. Last year I ran for State Senator with no party backing except that of my own Prohibition party. I for years had declared for prohibition, and I promised to support local option at the first session of the legislature. My vote in the district was significant. Of 6022 votes, 5283 were received in the Prohibition column and only 739 in the Majority Rule (or Local Option) column. Allowing 1524 votes for my party's strength, 3759 votes were cast by Republicans and Democrats for me as a Prohibitionist and 739 as a Local Optionist, a non-partisan preference for the Prohibition column of more than five to one. The masses want Prohibition. They'll take it by local option if they cannot get it otherwise. They'll take it through the Republicans or Democrats as the easiest way. If not, they must turn to the Prohibition party. They demand of congress prohibition and interstate commerce in intoxicating drinks. They are good and able men of Prohibition principles in the Republican party. Let them be shown their duty to lead their party in the path of righteousness at the next election and for that purpose to contest the primaries with earnest vigor. The Prohibition Republican, if nominated, is sure of election. If he fails of nomination the Prohibition Democrat can be elected. The Prohibitionists will be in the field with good men whether they endorse candidates of the other parties or simply stand by their own.

ELISHA K. KANE.

Fidelity Grange Officers.

Fidelity Grange has elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

Master, Mrs. A. A. Abbey.
Overseer, Mrs. Cunningham.
Lecturer, Mrs. Carter.
Steward, F. A. Burdick.
Asst. Steward, Russell Abbey.
Chaplain, Mrs. McGowan.
Treasurer, A. A. Abbey.
Secretary, Mrs. Frank Gulhip.
Gate Keeper, Ed. McKean.
Ceres, Mrs. McKean.
Pomona, Mrs. Anna Stark.
Flora, Mrs. F. B. Mayo.
L. A. S., Mrs. F. A. Burdick.

Wells' Ten-Cent Counter.

I have put in a ten-cent counter to close out a number of holiday novelties. Pictures and other articles valued as high as 75c can be found there if you look quick.

H. C. WELLS.

Attention Co. G, 150th P. V.!

The State Commission for the Soldiers' Memorial at Gettysburg is planning to have the name of every Pennsylvania soldier who was in the battle shown in bronze on the monument, each regiment to have its own tablet 34x72 inches.

To perfect the record of Co. G, 150th P. V., General H. S. Huidekoper, Box 533, Philadelphia, requests that comrades themselves, or their relatives or friends shall examine the names below and advise him of the correct family way of spelling in full any name herewith wrongly given, and information as to the "present for duty" of any man whose name is not on the list, or of any wrongful credit to any soldier who was not in the battle but whose name is on the list.

The Legislature appropriated $150,000 for this memorial, which is to be a granite structure 125 feet high and with a base 100 feet square and 10 feet high on which is to go a quadrupe arch with a 9x18 granite stone showing a battle scene, over each of the four archways. By a subsequent appropriation money will be ready to pay the railroad fare in full or part, from his home to Gettysburg, to each soldier so as to enable him to be present next September at the dedication of the monument.

CO. G, 150th P. V. VOLUNTEERS.

*Lieutenant Chancellor of Co. B, commanding.

SERGEANTS.

Cyrus W. Baldwin,
S. DeLoss Tuggart,
*Lorenzo Hodges,
James W. Robinson.

CORPORALS.

William P. Carnor,
J. Leonard Beers,
*William J. Holmes,
Colby C. Tripper,
H. L. Burlingame,
Daniel E. Beckwith,
Herman A. Young.

PRIVATES.

Luther M. Adams,
Melville Baldwin,
Merritt J. Baldwin,
Joseph D. Ball,
Putnam Barber,
*Asher M. Beckwith,
*Fulton Beo,
*John Benson,
William Brown,
Merritt M. Catlin,
Willard Cummings,
William Ellis,
Robert Graham,
*Nathan Hand,
Luther F. Haven,
William H. Haen,
Julius S. Hodges,
Edward H. Judkins,
Henry M. Kinney,
A. L. Lamphere,
George Loomis,
John Mead,
*Wesley Merrick,
Oscar Moody,
William A. North,
Delos Otto,
George T. Otto,
Samuel L. Provin,
*Isaac Pilgrim,
Charles B. Slocum,
Wesley Starks,
Daney Strickland,
Wilson W. Tubbs,
John Tyler,
C. D. Winship,
Theodore Yardley.

* killed or mortally wounded.

M. E. Sunday School Meeting.

At the annual meeting of the Sunday School Board of the Methodist Episcopal church held on Tuesday evening reports were made by the officers of the school showing a balance in the treasury for the year. The attendance for the year averaged 140 and the Missionary offering was about $120. The following officers were elected for the coming year:

Superintendent, Archie Mulcolm.
Assistant Superintendent, W. A. Andorfer.
Supt. of Primary Dept., Mrs. D. L. Forsythe.
Assistant Supt. of Primary Dept., Mabel Day.
Secretary, Claude Lyons.
Assistant Secretary, Howard Brownell.
Treasurer, Neil Gleason.
Organist, Rose Herzog.
Pres. of S. S. Missionary Society, Mrs. D. L. Forsythe.
Treas. of S. S. Missionary Society, W. A. Andorfer.
Permanent Secretary of S. S. Board, Mrs. A. B. Kidder.
Supt. of Home Department, Mrs. A. B. Kidder.

WANTED—Lady distributor and solicitor in Smethport. Dr. W. S. Burkhart, Cincinnati, O.

Swedish Republican Club Meets.

The Swedish Republican Club of McKean county met at the Sartwell House parlors at Port Allegany on Tuesday, Dec. 28th, and a very harmonious and profitable meeting it proved to be. Although this is an "off year" still a large delegation representing the several local clubs were present and interest in the Party's welfare is always the motive of these gatherings.

In the absence of A. O. Erickson, the vice president, Fred Landin, officiated and the regular routine of business was transacted, after which the officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President, Andrew Anderson, Kane.
Vice President, B. M. Johnson, Port Allegany.
Secretary, Carl Engstrom, Kane.
Treasurer, A. J. Nordstrom, Port Allegany.

Members of the executive committee by appointment are, J. A. Sampson, Port Allegany; Peter Hanson, Kane; Chas. Lauden, Mt. Jewett; A. W. Peterson, Ludlow; Oscar Engstrom, Smethport, and A. R. Anderson, Clermont. The next annual meeting will be held at Mt. Jewett at such time as the president of the Association may designate.

Crosby Items.

Misses Beatrice and Gladys Sampson of Straights are visiting Grace Winslow.

Miss Lillian E. Dunbar begins a shorthand course at Westbrook the first of the year.

Clarence Baker, student at the University of Ohio, is visiting friends in Crosby.

Wm. Maxwell is erecting old tenants and implement here.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Pixley are visiting in Bolivar, N. Y.

Through the efforts of Mildred G. Dunbar, P. M., at Newark, Pa., that office will hereafter be called Crosby, Pa., the same as the station.

The Home Talent play entitled "Our Folks," was a complete success both socially and financially. Star actor, Atwood Putnam; Assistants, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Wilson, Glen Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald McGee, E. L. Gallup, F. B. Oviatt and Misses Irvine and Russell.

The Orpheus Jubilee Singers made a decided hit Tuesday evening. This is the second of the course of entertainments to be given in this vicinity.

Wood haulers are making good use of the sleighing.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Grierson gave a birthday party in honor of Miss Hilda's sixteenth birthday anniversary Dec. 27. About twenty-five young people were present and all report an enjoyable time.

Crosby Grange, No 1806, held their annual election Dec. 29. The following officers were elected: W. M., Edward L. Gallup; Overseer, Enos Marsh; Lecturer, Mrs. Grover; Chap., Mrs. Kelly; Sec., Mildred Dunbar; Treas., F. B. Granteer; Steward, Albin Anderson; Asst. Steward, Roy Dunbar; L. A. Steward, Cora Lathrop; Gatekeeper, Fritz Benson; Organist, Lydia Granteer; Ceres, Edna Wilson; Pomona, Susie Parsons; Flora, Hilda Berg. Installation of officers Jan. 12.

Edward H. French returned from Columbus, Ohio, but the machinery for the new refinery has not arrived.

Miss Hilda Hendrickson of Ambridge is spending he vacation with her parents in this place.

Miss Gladys DeHass of St. Marys is home for the Christmas vacation.

Reuben Grierson is home from Westbrooks for a short stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Stull of East Smethport are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Howard.

Notice of Election.

The annual meeting of the policy holders of the Limestone Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Limestone, Pa., will be held at Limestone, Clarion county, Pa., on January 10th, 1910, between the hours of 1 and 4 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year and the transaction of any other business that may come before the meeting.

H. B. FERGUSON,
Secretary.

The symptoms of kidney trouble are urinary disorders, weak back and backache, rheumatism and rheumatic pains and twinges, pains in the groins, etc. There is nothing as good for kidney and bladder trouble as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. You may depend upon them to give entire satisfaction. They are antiseptic, act promptly and soothe pain. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport; and F. H. Read, Clermont.

SHINGLEHOUSE FIRE WAS A COSTLY ONE.

Three Buildings Destroyed Early Wednesday Morning.

A special to the Era dated Jan. 5, says: A fire which totally destroyed three buildings and for a time endangered others, was discovered on Academy street at 3 o'clock this morning.

The fire appears to have originated around the ovens of the bakery conducted by E. C. Fritz. The flames had obtained such a good start that the occupants of the living apartments escaped with only their clothing.

The losses are as follows:

W. W. Martin, drug store; loss $700 and covered by insurance.

E. C. Fritz, bakery and meat market adjoining; loss $3,000 with no insurance.

Mr. and Mrs. Fritz occupied the second floor of their building over the bakery and the flames were so quick that they were unable to save anything and only escaped with their night clothing. The family of Mr. Martin lived over the drug store. Much of their household effects were saved before the fire reached that building.

The burned property is located in what is known as the new part of the borough and the buildings were comparatively new.

A tailor shop adjoining the Martin drug store caught fire and was saved with much difficulty. The shop is conducted by Alex Patterson. The side of the building was damaged.

The volunteer firemen did excellent work, considering the gale that was blowing at the time. No one was injured.

High Cost of Living.

The cost of living is high and the causes may be found in different conditions. One is the fact that agricultural products have not been increased in proportion to the growth of the population; another is the market trickery of shrewd dealers who control prices; then come the organized dealers with their gentlemen's agreements and trust arrangements.

But over and above all the other causes of high prices, is the law of supply and demand. The demand has outgrown the supply. The land is not worked so fully or extensively as to meet the requirements of the people. Farmers are giving up their lands and seeking homes in cities. The cities are over-crowded and the shop is superceding the tilled field. Wages are not any higher than usual because workingmen are as numerous as ever. Foreign workers and their families are coming in by every ship to increase the number of people to be fed.

And there is no systematic or effective effort to divert the stream of energy from the shops to the land.

If Congress, which is now endeavoring to find out the cause of the high prices of provisions, could devise a means of encouraging the workers of the over-crowded cities to engage in farming the problem would soon be solved. Not only would many poor hopeless, hungry dwellers in the slums be made self-sustaining and independent but they would help to feed the nation and reduce the cost of living.—Era.

Chisholm-Stives.

At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Stives, on Railroad street, at 10:30 Wednesday morning, Rev. Harter performed the ceremony which unites in the bonds of holy matrimony James F. Chisholm and Miss Edna A. Stives.

The ceremony was performed in the presence of a small party of immediate friends. George Curry of Toronto acted as best man, and Miss Dorcas Moore as bride's maid. A sumptuous wedding dinner was served, and the happy couple left on the 1:14 train for Buffalo, where they will remain until New Year's, when they will return to Austin, and on the following week take up their home in Smethport.

Their many friends will join us is in extending congratulations.—Austin Chisholm to Smethport where he has many friends who tender them best wishes.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman,
Opp. Court House, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for The Miner.

A Circumvented Lawyer

He Was Induced to Pay Full Price For What He Wanted.

By ELLA B. TUCKER.

Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.

"Oh, dear," said Ella Kane impatiently, "I wish the postman would come! I'm worried."

"What about?" asked her mother.

"I'm afraid we're not going to get the loan."

There was a whistle far down the street. Ella pricked up her ears. As it came nearer she grew more and more excited. When Mrs. Kane heard the postman at the next house she went to the door to open it before he should ring. The postman came up the steps and handed in a letter.

"It's from Archie, mother," and Ella snatched the letter before it reached her mother's hand from the postman. "Now we'll see what he has to say about the loan. But, of course, it'll be all right," and she dropped upon a window seat and opened the envelope with happy eyes.

"Of course," agreed Mrs. Kane. "Archie is like your own brother."

"N-no, not quite," demurred Ella. Then her face sank lower over the envelope, coloring furiously. Mrs. Kane looked at her sympathetically.

A few moments, then the color fled suddenly and the happy eyes grew dark.

"Oh, mother!" she gasped. "Archie—Mr. Booth, I mean— But read the letter."

"What is the matter, dear?" anxiously. "Has Archie—"

"Mr. Booth is a mercenary wretch!" vehemently. "But read the letter."

Mrs. Kane unfolded the letter with trembling fingers. "Whatever it is, Ella," she ventured, "you mustn't judge Archie too hastily. He is a good boy, and you have known him a long time." Then she read: "Dear Ella—Can't let you have the money. It would be a mistake. And there's another thing. Be sure to demand papers to show every transaction you have with that tricky lawyer. Know his reputation and the value of proof with such a man. You write that you owe him $3,000 and that unless it is paid within one month he will foreclose the mortgage on your home. I don't quite understand. You say you have only received $1,200 and that he was to let you have the rest when you needed it to meet the note your father indorsed. If he hasn't paid it yet why should he foreclose on the full amount? There must be sharp practice somewhere. Will be down just as soon as I can get away from here and fix the matter up."

"I don't see anything in that to worry about," said Mrs. Kane perplexedly. "Archie is coming down and will make it all right. He's such a resourceful boy."

Ella threw out her hand wearily.

"Oh, it isn't that, mother," she said. "Mr. Booth will be down and make things all right, of course. He's intensely business, and he understands perfectly well that we were silly enough to take Lawyer Pill's word instead of his paper and so have lost the $1,200. Mr. Booth will come all right, probably on the day of the sale, pay off the mortgage and then hold you the price we paid for the money."

"Ella!"

"Oh, I don't quite mean that, of course, Mr. Booth doesn't care so much for the money, but he's a man and must do things in a man's way, with himself as the central figure."

"What is it you want, Ella?" asked her mother, beginning to lose patience. "You're to marry Archie, and you've professed to love him more than all the world, and you concede he'll come and pay off this mortgage, and we both know he didn't have saved up very much in just the two years he's been from college and his mining studies, even if he is an expert and getting famous. It seems to me he's acting nobly. What is the matter?"

"Why didn't he send me a check when I asked for it and offered security?" flashed Ella suddenly. "I know he has the money, for he'd just written about receiving $3,000 as a fee for expert work in one of the big mines, and he knew that I desired nothing so much in the world just then as to pay that hateful Pill and order him to never set foot on our land or on our side of the road again. Ugh! When I went to him that day and asked for our money and he stared at me with his little cold eyes and said he had no money of ours and for me to produce a paper to prove my words! Mother, Archie ought not to have hesitated one minute. Strict business should be for business men, not for us. It isn't his paying the money. I wanted to do it myself, with my own hands, and then say a few words to Mr. Pill and after that [illegible] sight of him forever. Heighho! After all, Archie—Mr. Booth is—is only a man!"

Two days later as they were standing on the veranda Lawyer Pill himself surprised them by hurrying up the path. He seemed agitated.

"Good morning! Good morning!" he cried affably. "It's—it's a fine day, isn't it? I hope you are both well?"

"Yes," rather coldly, "we are very well, thank you."

"I am glad to hear it sincerely glad. Good health is the greatest of all blessings. And now to business. I am sorry there has been a—a misunderstanding between us. It was owing to a bit of memorandum unfortunately mislaid and forgotten and now found. It is all right about the money. You can have it at any time, and I have ordered a stay of proceedings in the other matter. There will be no further trouble."

"Explain yourself, please, Mr. Pill. I don't understand at all."

"Why, I am the quickest man in the world to rectify an error, and the mistake was mine. And now I am anxious to prove it in a substantial way. You still own that [illegible] lot?"

"The five acres of rocky land over on the back road. yes."

"Will you sell it now?"

A prompt *yes* was on Mrs. Kane's lips, Ella saw it and raised her hand warningly. Her father had once offered the lot for $100, and at their last interview Mr. Pill had laughed derisively and refused to consider it at any price. There was evidently something in the background.

"What will you give for it?" she asked cautiously.

"Well—er—say $1,000. The error was mine, and I wish to do something handsome to compensate you for the annoyance."

Apparently he had expected them to snap up his offer, but after the first incredulous stare Ella's face grew scornful. Even her mother looked suspicious.

"There is something behind this, Mr. Pill," said Ella coldly. "What is it? You are not throwing away money?"

The man seemed disappointed.

"There is nothing at all, I assure you, except that—that—well, an old neighbor of yours was down yesterday afternoon and acted very mysteriously. He had some specimens which he showed to a few people in the postoffice, but slipped into his pocket when he saw me coming. I suspect he was trying to raise capital."

"Well?"

"I made inquiries, of course, secretly. That's business," his eyes shifting a little, "and I've kept him under watch all the time. The specimens came from your old pasture. The claimers are, there's nothing in it, but I am always ready to invest money in long risks. Will you sell?"

"For a thousand, no."

"Two thousand?" eagerly.

"No."

"Three?"

At an imperative sign from Ella Mrs. Kane again shook her head.

"I don't believe the lot is worth one-tenth that money," she answered, "but I am not quite ready to sell yet, Mr. Pill."

Lawyer Pill shuffled his feet a few moments, then turned away.

"It's all right, then," he said sourly, "and you are making the mistake of your lives."

The next morning before they had finished breakfast he was again at the door, visibly excited.

"That Archie Booth has been sending specimens away to an assay office," he began hurriedly. "Has he been here?"

"No."

"Well, he's up to some sharp practice, mark my words on that. If he'd meant fair he would have come straight in to you and talked the thing over. I've had him watched all the time, and everything he's done has been sly and full of mystery. If it were any other man I wouldn't turn my head, but Archie Booth is an expert and don't dealers know that for nothing. I'll take chances and give you $10,000 for the lot."

They both gasped, then Ella shook her head.

"Twenty thousand?"

The gate clicked and a boy ran up the path with a note. Lawyer Pill snatched the envelope while she read it.

"From Booth?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Make an offer?"

"No."

"Well, he will be here soon and try to wheedle you out of the land. I know these mysterious fellows. I prefer to be open and pay him some. I'll give you $35,000 for the five acres."

Ella looked at her mother and nodded slightly.

"Yes, we will accept it," said Mrs. Kane, "but I warn you the place isn't worth a thousand."

"I'll risk that," with alacrity. "Now, let us step inside and fix up the papers at once, and I will make you out a check."

As he went buoyantly down the path a half hour later Mrs. Kane turned to Ella.

"What was that note?" she asked.

Ella opened it and read:

"Run Lawyer Pill up to twenty-five thousand or so, then sell. I don't think I'll be here call now, for people around here—and especially Pill—don't know that I'm a friend of the family. I'll be down again in a few days and make a long visit. There is a ledge of pretty good building granite on the land, and if Pill will wait a little for a demand and will put some money in to develop it and manage the thing shrewdly, as he knows how, I think perhaps he can get his money back. Anyhow, I understand he got a lot of money out of your father a long time ago by sharp practice, and this will sort of square things up."

"The dear boy!" murmured Ella as she refolded the note and slipped it into her dress.

When Archie came he received quite a different reception from that which he would have received after the receipt of his first letter. He was delighted with the success his friends had had in getting rid of property that turned out in the end to be of very little value. Ella confessed with repetition that she had thought very hardly of him that he had failed to comply with her request and acknowledged that she had done him a great injustice. She repaid him for what he had done for her mother and her by setting a day for the wedding.

THE BEST ADVICE

anyone can give you is,

DON'T WORRY

about anything—avoid it by INVESTING in one of the POLICIES of the EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of the United States.

—Get one of—

C. A. BURDICK,
General Insurance Agent

Bell 'Phone 18-F Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING
—AND—
EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

SPECHT & SASSI
SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.
Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

Christmas Goods

My New Christmas goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comer. I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait Enlarging, Millinery and Hemstitching. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

To Get His Money's Worth.

In a village near Edinburgh there lived an old baker and his son. Their trade was in a flourishing condition, but unfortunately in the midst of their prosperity the old man, who had once been a great drinker, turned insane. The son, who was renowned for his love of money, was forced to put him in a lunatic asylum and, according to the terms of the establishment, to pay a fee for three months in advance, amounting to £30. The old man was scarcely in a fortnight, however, when he died. The son, thinking to raise an action against the establishment for the recovery of the, as he termed it, unused money, inquired of an old lawyer who was a client of his whether he thought it would be prudent to try to recover the money or not. The chip of the law, putting on a grave face, replied seriously, "D'ye no think it wad be best to gang and put in the rest o' the time yersel'?"

He Saw a Great Light.

Wrecks on the coast of Cornwall, England, were once a source of revenue to the natives. A writer says that in the local dialect "the folks on the coast teach their children to say in their prayers night times, 'God bless father an' mother an' send a ship ta shore vere mornin'.'" The Cornish folk were great smugglers too. The Rev. R. S. Hawker had in his service as man of all work old Tristram Pentire, the last of the smugglers. One day he made to the vicar this notable confession: "Well, sir, I do think, when I come to look back and to consider what lives we used to live—drunk all night and idle abed all day, cursing, swearing, fighting, gambling, lying and always prepared to shoot the gauger—I do really believe, sir, we surely was in sin!"

Brought Down the House.

On one occasion, when Arthur Roberts, the English actor, was performing the part of Captain Crosstree in the burlesque of "Black Eyed Susan" at Glasgow he converted an awkward contretemps into a hit. In one of the scenes Crosstree entered supposed to be inebriated and staggered about the stage. In doing so Mr. Roberts accidentally came in contact with the scenery of the inn, bringing the whole set down. The curtain had to be lowered, and the vivacious comedian came to the front and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, you see when we come to Glasgow we always bring down the house."

The Generous Barber.

"Here, I say!" Be a bit more careful with that razor. That's the second time you've cut me."

"Well, well, so it is. But there! I always deduct a ha'penny for every cut. Why, it's nothing for a man to go out of here having won fourpence off me."—London Tatler.

Might Be on One's Nose.

"Don't get down in the mouth, old man," said the optimist. "Look on the bright side of things."

"That's all very well," mournfully replied the sufferer, "but what is the bright side of a snowball?"

JOHNNIE

A Story of a City Girl In the Country

By LEE C. HARBY

Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.

She came from New York, and she had been told that she would die of ennui at the farm. But she did not mind, because she loved the friends who lived there, and, besides, she was weak and ailing and needed the warm, sweet out of doors of the south to help her bear the trial of invalidism and to reconcile her to the use of her abhorred crutches.

In the country around were many farmers native to the soil—honest, democratic, illiterate. Not a man of them but considered himself just as good as any one else in the whole world. They cared little for money, recognized no difference in classes, knew nothing of culture and but little of refinement. They were stalwart and brave and held as an article of faith that all women were to be protected and cared for.

Johnnie was a farmer's son and added to his inborn and inherited traits a certain individual excombey of dress, evinced in his corduroy trousers, his short box coat of tan cloth, worn over a full, unstarched white shirt belted in about his trim waist; his gauntleted red tan gloves and a partridge feather stuck through the band of his soft felt hat. This costume he donned when going to "the borough," as they called the little town near by, but when coming to the farm, where he "helped to eat pay, the sweet potatoes and do other such things, he wore any old overalls, with neither collar nor tie indeed, he was often lacking in these essentials of civilization even when clad in his very best.

Johnnie was present when the girl first arrived, and his heart had swelled with pity for the helplessness that was so apparent. She was dainty and fair, and he thought her far more beautiful than any one he had ever seen before. Her friend, with all her womanly attractions, paled in his opinion by the contrast, and this he did not hesitate to express frankly, saying:

"Miss Dulsey, you're mighty purty, but you couldn't hold a candle to that there girl from New York."

It was all a source of constant fun to the home family, but they were careful not to say or do anything that would wound the man by hurting his self love. Instead they treated him according to his own standard, which only made his admiration more apparent and outspoken.

When the girl was taken so ill her mother was wretched indeed. He could not see her, but every morning he came and interviewed her friends and with bold awkwardness would send a message of hope for her recovery. Generally he brought a bird for her breakfast, saying with his inimitable drawl:

"I reckon to bring this for the little girl, an' I jess 'spect she is gettin' well."

It was not long before the glorious southern winter brought color to the pale cheeks, rounded their outlines and imparted strength to the weakened frame, for she would sit for hours out in the sunshine, stretched off in a roomy steamer chair. Meanwhile Johnnie passed hard and long attending to his duties or stopped and talked in his long, slow way, trying to find out what other service he might be able to render her. One day he told her in his quaint phraseology:

"I 'spect you're gettin' better, for sometimes I thought you was a-dyin', but next time you would look up and laugh just as happy. I was mighty glad to see that."

The girl grew well rapidly, and the family rejoiced. Johnnie was gayly sympathetic and still brought her squirrels and birds as the strength of the game food should build her up. The beds were full of birds, and his capacious jackets served as game bags. Often drawing one from their depths, he would present it to her, saying, with a broad smile:

"I brung you a turtledove," and then laugh aloud with delight when he saw her interest and pleasure.

Johnnie's sister was to be married, and all at the farm were invited. The girl and her friend and the friend's mother went, amused and pleased in anticipation of the novel experience. Johnnie met them, radiant in holiday attire, and presented them duly to his whole family, laying the hospitalities of their home at the feet of the visitors.

Around the girl the admiration of the entire assemblage centered. She eclipsed in interest the attendants, the groom, the bride herself. The father declared her to be "the purtiest girl I ever seed," while the mother, sisters and various women who were present gazed at her in dumb admiration. Not so the little nine-year-old brother—cute, curly haired and unafraid. Accustomed to frankly speak his mind, he planted himself firmly in front of her, his hands upon his hips, and gravely announced:

"You she'ly is purty—the purtiest lady that's ever been an' come about here."

The girl used her eyes and perpetuated the wedding scene, receiving ecstatic thanks from her admirer and all who belonged to him. Indeed, the rough farmhouse well deserved being photographed, for it had been turned, within and without, into a bower of rustic beauty in honor of the occasion. It was wreathed with graceful gray moss and garlanded with evergreens, and the glowing crimson berries of holly and bittersweet vine mixed with the snowy waxen clusters of the native mistletoe. It evinced taste and in its rude sense of the beautiful and artistic quite outlooked for among this class, but the great, wide chimney, with its roaring light wood fire, threw its ruddy, glowing golden radiance over decorations as beautiful as any bride could desire.

To the girl fresh from a great city and its conventions everything was new, interesting, charming, and Johnnie's sister sang his praises right earnestly.

"Johnnie's always thinkin' after nothin' an' me. He's sorter a good boy. He never drinks nothin', an' he don't smoke, an' he don't chaw nuther, an' he never goes out nowhere 'less we says we don't want him at home. Johnnie 'll do most any kind of work so it helps 'long mammy an' me, an' I always says that when a boy is good to his own people he'll surely be good to his wife."

The friend heard the conversation, understood and smiled. Johnnie was uncouth and ignorant, but he was sufficiently the lover to endeavor to turn everything to his advantage.

Meanwhile a comfortable residence upon another holding was being erected for the family at the farm, and into this they, with their guest, soon moved. She could walk a little now without her crutches, and Johnnie came and planted trees and shrubbery while she looked on and directed. Every one fussed about the countryman's devotion, but she smiled on him kindly, and made him happy by her interest in his simple talk, while almost imperceptibly some of his rough edges were smoothed away.

Soon came the spring and the wild flowers and the joyous gathering of luscious berries, and then, in the height of all this beauty the girl had to return to her city home. Johnnie grieved. He soon ceased coming to the new farm, and it was not long before his odd ways and his frankly expressed admiration for their ever welcome guest became only an amusing memory.

Three years passed, and the girl in her northern home knew many changes from health to sickness, but at last the Divine Love listened to her prayers and healed her, and in the fullness of her joy and in her pride of womanhood found strength and ability sufficient again for a little visit to her southern friends.

Johnnie heard of her arrival brimmed with happiness. His heart remained true to his idol, and he hastened to renew his allegiance. The girl, though, became shy of him, as she seemed too deeply in earnest.

"Little girl," he said, "I sho' glad in my heart to see you and pet all through to watch you walk so stable."

She smiled at the phrasing, but felt that it would never do to trifle with true affection, no matter how the station of the man by whom was honestly offered. So she held somewhat aloof in her manner, but grew only the more devoted. He knew her humble slave. He tried to fulfill her wishes before she could voice them. He would walk miles to do errands or bring her bundles. A constant service spoke more than words, but he often assured her that:

"You be the pleasingest girl that ever come out of New York."

It was difficult for him to realize that she really needed no assistance now. He was ready to lend his sturdy arms to carry her over every rough place that met her feet, reminding her that:

"The last time I never could permit you to walk there—no, nev-er, nev-er."

It was very touching sometimes and very amusing always. And the little girl and her friend were full of youthful high spirits, fun and laughter.

So the weeks went by—all too rapidly—and at last the end came.

The day before the departure of the girl Johnnie had labored hard and secured for their comfort a carriage and work necessary for ease of mind. He had strapped the trunk and locked her valise and in his fourth way for [illegible] which made add to her comfort. The girl was very shy when with him and tried to keep her friend constantly present, feeling that some confession of affection impended and [illegible] sorry and pitied for the pain he might be obliged to inflict. At last some inadvertent chance they were left alone together.

Johnnie stooped to dust the dress over the instep and, looking at her, asked earnestly:

"Does you'r heart love you place, little girl?"

"I am sorry to leave my friends, Johnnie."

"Are you she'ly come back again?"

"I hope so. I was happy [illegible] some time."

He thought a moment. "Shortly or will it be next year, little girl?"

"I cannot tell. It is possible I shall try."

Johnnie rested his hands on the top of the rolled umbrella and said slowly:

"When you come back, little girl, I will be ready. Do you will you marry me?" And he leaped forward eagerly in his pleading.

The girl gave a little cry of distress, shook her head and clasped her hands, pleading softly:

"Oh, Johnnie, don't! Don't look that way! I can't, you know, indeed I cannot, and I do hate to hurt you so!" And the brown eyes filled with tears.

The nature of the man showed itself equal to the occasion, hurt as he was and his face was shadowed with feeling. He thought only of her, and with that [illegible] chivalry which will always [illegible] he said:

"Never mind, little girl. Never mind. I can bear it, for I [illegible] I like you [illegible] I was [illegible] love you, little girl."

The Touch [illegible]

"What do you think of [illegible] Slick? We have [illegible] in the house. We've been [illegible] Mr. [illegible] just [illegible] bill, by a mad dog." Ben Visit.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE
—paid for—
BUTTER,
EGGS
AND
POULTRY.
William M. Hagan,
HAZELHURST, - PENNA.

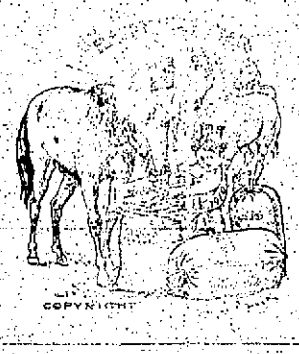
If you have any of the above to sell, and I don't call, drop me a card

Executor's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary have been granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of Charles D. Seaman, late of Corydon Township, McKean County, Pa., to Walter Newton of Corydon Township, McKean County, Pa., to whom all persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demands upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay to

WALTER NEWTON,
Executor.

Kinzua, Warren Co., Pa., Oct. 27, 1909.



A COMMENDABLE NEW YEARS' RESOLUTION

that will surely be appreciated is to obtain your grain and feed at GREEN'S. Your stock will surely thrive to your satisfaction, as our feed is of the highest quality—clean, fresh and nutritious.

F. A. Green.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

THE "MINER"

Brasted's Fine TOBACCO FRUIT

NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

Honored by Women

When a woman speaks of her client secret suffering she wrests you. Millions have bestowed this mark of confidence on Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. Everywhere there are women who bear witness to the wonder-working, curing-power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—which saves the *suffering sex from pain*, and successfully grapples with woman's weaknesses and *stubborn ills*.

IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG
IT MAKES SICK WOMEN WELL.

No woman's appeal was ever misdirected or her confidence misplaced when she wrote for advice, to the WOMEN'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets induce one natural bowel movement once a day.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

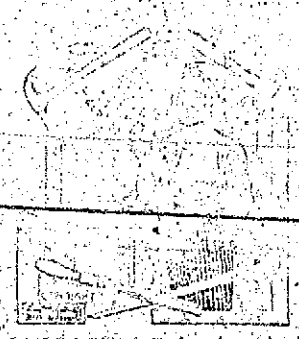
We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING
and
BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER $1.00 per year in advance.

THE BIG STORE.



Hardware

The Up To Date Carpenter

buys his tools. They are of the highest attainable quality, durable and lasting, and when he buys them he goes to MEANS BROS. STORE, for there is the one place where the best values are always given in price and quality.

MEANS BROS'

Successors to JOHN C. HAMLIN.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 6, 1910.

Local and General.

Stockings & Carlick's store only 2 blocks from the depot.

Miss Beulah Holder is entertaining with a sprained ankle.

—The board of county auditors convened their work on Monday.

—F. X. Green, the tool man, has a new advertisement in this issue.

—Means Brothers have a new hardware advertisement in this issue.

—C. A. Burdick, the insurance man, has a change of advertisement in this issue.

—The pre-inventory sale advertised by the Lindblom Company should receive your attention.

—The Rev. W. A. Harris read a paper on Monday of this week before the Ocean Minister's Club, the paper was on "Sydney Lanier."

—Mrs. Harry L. Backus entertained a number of ladies at Bridge Whist at her home on East Main street last Thursday evening.

—Mrs. C. B. Corwin entertained the Kensington Club at her home on the corner of Mechanic and Mill streets Wednesday afternoon.

—A school savings bank has been opened in Port Allegany and deposits from a cent up are accepted. A good idea. Why not try it here?

—A big January clearance sale is advertised by Fry & Comes in this issue. This is an excellent opportunity to pick up rare bargains.

—Mrs. Foster Studholme, Mrs. Gordon Studholme and Miss Beulah Holder entertained a large party of friends at Bridge Whist at Holder hall last Monday afternoon.

—A. E. Hackett & Son have opened a feed store in Mr. Hackett's house on East street near the foot of Water street. Their advertisement will be found in another column of this issue.

Mr. —— no mercantile appraiser has been appointed by the county commissioners. There are several applications and at this time there is a mendacity.

It is claimed that no more people in Port Allegany go to the station to see cars coming in than the Pennsylvania Railroad has a detective stationed there to regulate the crowds.

Milan Andrews of East Smethport was taken to the Kane hospital on Tuesday where he underwent an operation for appendicitis. We understand that he is getting along nicely at this time.

Peanut shells, according to a late rumor, are used in the manufacture of breakfast foods. This surely is the most audacious shell game yet brought to light, says Dave Dennison of the Era.

—Among those whom we wish to tender thanks for excellent calendars are C. A. Burdick, Dorney-Bond Glass Co. of this place, Johnston Paper Co. of Harrisburg and W. H. Mandeville Co. of Olean.

—The jury commissioners met this week and are drawing the names of 200 good men and true to do jury duty this year. H. D. Otto was appointed clerk, a position he has held for the past few years.

—The Eldred schools were closed Tuesday on account of a shortage of gas. The glass factory and other industries were obliged to suspend operations for the same cause. All of which leads us to believe that Smethport has about as good a gas supply as any town in this section.

—Mr. Fred Andrews, son of Mrs. Sophia Andrews of this place, was brought here Monday night from Belle Camp, near Bradford, where he has been for the past few days. Mr. Andrews has been living with his family in Pittsburgh where he had a good position as an engineer. Mr. Andrew's has tuberculosis and is considered to be in a very critical condition.

—We received the following letter, signed Prisoners County Jail: "We wish to thank Mrs. Frank McCarthy for our Xmas dinner. Although some of us are strangers and a foreign parts it recalled us back to home and happiness. Her kindness brought good cheer amongst us all."

—The Lemon Club dance given at the Lyceum New Year's eve was largely attended and everybody had a delightful time. The hall was beautifully decorated and the refreshments served were unusually excellent. Chadwick's orchestra furnished high class music that was enjoyed until a late hour.

—Miss Edna Ness, formerly of this place, and Mr. Lewis H. Linpon of Oklahoma City, Okla., were united in marriage at Falls City, Neb., on Tuesday, December 28, 1909, and they will make their home in Oklahoma City. The bride has many friends and relatives here who wish them a long and happy married life.

—On Monday last the county commissioners made the following appointments for the ensuing year: Superintendent of the McKean county home and poor farm, J. C. Brennenman; physician to the poor district, Dr. W. A. Ostrander; nurse at the poor farm, Elizabeth Edge; janitor of the court house, S. G. Bush; commissioners' clerk, A. B. Walker, at an increase of from $1,200 to $1,400 a year salary.

—Coudersport is also after the municipal ownership of the water works. Necessary legal steps will at once be taken and the question placed before the people at the February election to be decided by them whether the borough shall own its own water system or not. What that borough pays out every year for fire protection would pay the interest on a good sized bonded debt.—Austin Autograph.

—This year, 1910, Lent will begin on Feb. 9, fifteen days earlier than it did last year, so that Easter Sunday will fall on March 27, instead of April 10, as it did last year. Inasmuch as the first full moon after the vernal equinox, which falls on March 21 each year, marks the proper date, it is evident that this year will hold the record for early dating. It will be the second earliest Easter in a quarter of a century, that of March 23, 1884, being the nearest to the vernal equinox in that period.

Not Golden Silence.

"I would like to express you," said the estate lawyer, "as a modest old man, your drink and cash in your cup."

"No, no," cried the impetuous lawyer, "I owe all to you, my dear sir."—New York Times.

Grateful.

From the cot where he lay he could see the clock on the church steeple. He knew he was dying. He could not speak, but he could pray. And he prayed that the hands might move around to 12 o'clock.

He got his wish.

—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Blaming Himself.

"Did you ever get henpecked?"

"Once, but I suppose it was my own fault."

"How was it?"

"I gave a preacher $50 for marrying me."—Houston Post.

Not In the Game.

If you've no ice-cream to slip
Whom you would like to disappear,
Just take him on a hunting trip
And then mistake him for a deer.
—Boston Herald.

Scrambled Wisdom.

"That young Skinner is awfully bright. He knows a little of everything. You'll like him."

"No; I don't care for those hashed individuals."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Real Need.

We preach religion is a great thing—
We've written a book—
But what we need is to keep low
Purchases without a look.
—Houston Post.

Modern Traveler.

"When you are down my way in your automobile drop in some time."

"I travel in an aeroplane these days."

"That so? Well, drop out some time."—Chicago Journal.

Man's Way.

A five cent smoke is good enough
When for himself he buys,
But when a friend is standing treat
He takes the ten cent size.
—Detroit Free Press.

Not Entirely Great.

Moe Rose—He carved his way to fame over insuperible obstacles.

Joe Cose—Yes, and I'll bet he can't carve a New Year goose.—Browning's Magazine.

A Good Bluff.

A business man may be in debt
And seldom make a cent, and yet
A roll top desk and telephone,
Et cetera, give the fellow tone.
—Buffalo Evening News.

Ethnological.

Mrs. Grouly—They say the woman who meditates is lost.

Mr. Grouly—Yes, extinct long ago.—New York Times.

Still Picking.

He tried to pick the winner
Among the racing nags;
Today he'll earn his dinner
For he is picking rags.
—Chicago News.

In Awful Shape.

"Why don't you go to work?"

"I'm so dead tired of doing nothing that I'm too tired to do anything."—Cleveland Leader.

"A little of this goes a long way," said the client as he filched the rash from his chin.—Harvard Lampoon.

Revised the Bill.

A young solicitor got a verdict for a client of considerable riches, but little beauty. Shortly afterward, in due course of business, he sent her a somewhat formidable account. On the following day his client called on him and asked him if he had been serious in his proposal.

"Proposal? But I have not proposed," replied the solicitor, somewhat aghast.

"What!" replied the fair client calmly. "You have asked for my fortune! I should have supposed that you would at least have had the politeness to take me along with it."

The next day she received a revised account as follows:

"Miss B., debtor to Mr. C. for legal business performed."

Then in place of "£ s. d." was "Total amount, Miss B."—London Telegraph.

What She Imagined.

"Don't imagine," he said after she had refused him, "that I am going away to blow my brains out or drink myself to death."

"No," she replied. "I have no idea that you will do anything of that kind. You are going away to do some wonderful thing which will bring you wealth and fame and make me regret all the rest of my life that I didn't believe you when you intimated that you were one of the greatest little men that had ever come over the asphalt."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL to receive our careful attention.

We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

For the Holidays

Fine Perfumes
Fine Stationary
Leather Goods
The Beautiful Pickard China
Fountain Pens
Xmas Cards
Xmas Seals
Gold Fish, etc.

A. B. ARMSTRONG,
Drug Store

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills
FOR BACKACHE

Found Guilty

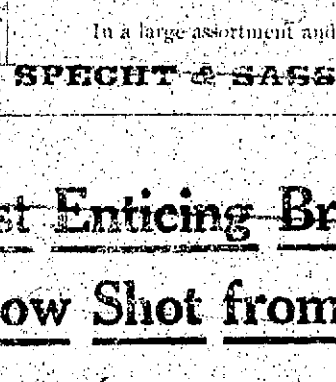
We have been found guilty by the citizens of Smethport of keeping

Fine Groceries

The evidence of thousands of customers was too strong. We're guilty and we're proud of it. If you are a customer of ours you know how good our Groceries are. If you are not, send us an order. We will fill it to your entire satisfaction.

Swift's Pride Soap a Specialty

Oscar Engstrom.
Dealer in
Groceries and Provisions.



RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, runs the race with wonderful regularity and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and shake of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. - Smethport

FRESH FRUITS NUTS AND CANDIES

Canned Goods of the best quality

J. Colegrove, Grocer,
Smethport, Pa

WE

Are now fully located in our new store on Main street and would be delighted to have

YOU

Call and inspect our line and complete line of

WINTER FOOTWEAR

FOR

MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

We can satisfy both your fancy and purse in BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, etc.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

EARLY RISERS
The famous little pills.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SAGER, Smethport, Pa.

The Most Enticing Breakfasts Are Now Shot from Guns

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice were served last month for seventeen million meals.

But millions of others lacked them. There are millions yet who don't know them.

If you are among them, we invite you to try them. Serve one of these foods tomorrow.

The world, as you know, doesn't jump to a food which all are not finding delightful.

The foods of the day are the foods that are best. That is always so.

The foods of this day are these crisp, gigantic grains—puffed to eight times their natural size.

These whole, unbroken, nut-like grains, made four times as porous as bread.

You'll like what others like. We do you a kindness when we ask you to try these foods.

Puffed Wheat—10c

Puffed Rice—15c

These are the foods invented by Prof. Anderson, and this is his curious process:

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

That fierce heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous.

Then the guns are unsealed, and the steam explodes. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles.

The kernels of grain are expanded eight times. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have simply the magnified grain.

One package will tell you why people delight in them. Order it now.

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms $1.25 per year, if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column inch, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single inch.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 6, 1910.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

For Congress.

Editor Miner: Will you kindly announce that I am a candidate for Member of Congress, from the Twenty-first District, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the primaries to be held next June.

Charles F. Barclay.

Shinnemahoning, Pa., Nov. 15, 1909.

Editor Miner: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for Congress, from the 21st Congressional District composed of the counties of McKean, Clearfield, Center and Cameron, subject to the Rules of the Republican Party. Primary Election, June 4, 1910.

Yours truly,
Charles E. Patton.

Curwensville, Clearfield Co., Pa.

Frederick Remington, one of the most famous artists in the United States, is dead.

A bloody thumb mark has solved the mystery of the strange death of M. Goulin, the widow of Jules Edouard Goulin, a former governor of the Bank of France, whose body was found on December 15 along the railroad tracks near Paris.

The police declared it to be a case of murder from the moment the body of the widow of this great financial man of France was found, but proof seemed impossible. Days passed, and the police made no progress. Gradually the many friends of Mme. Goulin began to believe that she had taken her own life through grief over the recent death of her husband, who was an officer in the Legion of Honor. But the French police, never halted in their efforts and although their methods may be slow they are sure, as was shown when two soldiers—Orsby and Michet by name, were arrested and confessed their crime. The solution of the mystery was all due to a bloody finger mark.

Halley's comet will give the Pacific coast a close brush this year on May 18, between the hours of four and ten o'clock p. m., and the "brush" will be something spectacular, says Prof. Charles Burckalter, of the Chabot observatory, because the earth will pass through the last third of the 20 millionedollar tail of the celestial visitor, and the world might be in a dazzling piece of heavenly fireworks as this generation has ever witnessed.

Washington Letter.

(From our regular correspondent.)

When President Taft in his famous Winona speech in September said that the Payne tariff law was the best tariff law ever enacted by a Republican congress and that this would be demonstrated in the working of the act, even some of his admirers thought he was extravagant in his use of language. Apparently the President had expert statistical advice before he made his Winona utterance for the figures are now at hand which seem to support all he said on the subject of the operation of the Payne law. In the debate in Congress last year Democratic leaders predicted that the adoption of the Payne schedules would be followed by a great loss to this country in the volume of its foreign business. It was predicted that the rates would prove so excessive that trade would be a material falling off in imports and that the revenues and commerce of the nation would suffer.

According to a statement now made public by the Bureau of Statistics the imports for 1909 were larger than in any previous year in this country's history. They exceeded in value over $50,000,000 the imports for 1907, which heretofore had been regarded as the banner year of American commerce. Not only were the imports greater last year than ever before but the statistics show that more foreign articles entered American ports free of duty in 1909 than in any previous year. Articles imported free were of the value of $700,000,000 as against $636,000,000 the high water mark up to 1909. The figures compiled by the experts show that foreign articles of the value of $1,475,000,000 reached the shores of the United States last year. Practically all of the important countries of the world shared in the increased imports, an increase being shown at every principal port in the United States.

Our exports last year were approximately of the value of $1,750,000,000 a slight decrease over the preceding year. Over half of these exports underwent a process of manufacture before leaving the United States and thus both American capital and labor shared in the fruits of this commerce. The year 1909 will also be remembered as the greatest in our history trade with our non-contiguous territories such as Alaska, the Philippines, Hawaii and Porto Rico. This non-contiguous trade aggregated about $173,000,000 of which $18,000,000 consisted of exports.

Important data on the subject of arrests of lawbreakers and the sizes of the police force is contained in a bulletin which has just been issued by the Director of Census. Under the head of arrests, classified by offenses, it is shown that the number of arrests in 1907 in the 158 cities of this country having a population of 30,000 or more, was 1,360,361 or 982.4 to every 10,000 inhabitants. Cities of practically the same size show a wide variation in the number of arrests. The bulletin points out, however, that the total number of arrests is no indication of the lawlessness of a city's population; it is rather, a reflection of varying local news and conditions and of the activity of the police department.

Another bulletin issued this week by the Census Bureau discusses fire departments in the various cities of the country. The per capita cost of maintenance of fire departments in foreign cities is much lower than in American cities. The low per capita cost of conflagrations abroad is the result of stricter building regulations, more nearly fire-proof buildings and greater precautions to prevent the occurrence of fires. In those cities of this country for which complete reports were made there were 88,255 fire alarms during 1907, and 78,507, of which 52,313 resulted in losses. In other words, only 59.3 per cent. of the alarms were for fires which occasioned losses. The total fire loss per capita was $2.28 and the net loss per capita $0.28.

The United States government is not in the market to purchase a North Pole steamboat. The promoters of the Peary arctic expedition thought that the good ship "Roosevelt" on which the discoverer of the long-sought pole made his journey into the arctic country would be a good investment for the Revenue Cutter service. It is necessary for Uncle Sam to keep a cutter in Alaskan waters a considerable portion of the year to protect its farseal interests and the suggestions were made that the "Roosevelt" could be used for this work to great advantage. No figure was placed on the boat by its owners for the reason that the preliminary negotiations did not give them any encouragement that a sale would be consummated.

According to "Tama Jim" Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, the crying need of the United States is more farmers. In the near future Mr. Wilson will begin a thorough investigation to determine the increased cost of living in this country. In discussing the proposed inquiry Mr. Wilson said: "Too many people are engaged in the business of distribution. What we need is more farming. Too many people are rushing to the town and the city and trying to make a living there and not enough are staying in the country. Too many people are trying to get along without work and not enough of them are in the business of producing something. One man could do the business of distribution where twenty are now engaged in it. That is the reason the cost of living is high and people are complaining. Our people must learn that they cannot get along without work, and the best place for them is on the farm where they can raise something."

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post-office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending Jan. 1, 1910.

Case, John.
Clines, J. L.
Dudley, Prentice.
Dunlap, Edwin.
Gardner, Henry.
Hardy, Miss Orville.
Kirroly, Chilik.
Rowlson, Miss Issabelle.
Sewell, C. W.
Smith, Nick.
Willis, M. W.

Foreign.

Stuke, Tony.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, P. M.

American Emotionalism.

The emotional principle has played a great part in American life. Every generation is swept by some enthusiasm. When the intimate history of the past century is written the most remarkably interesting section will be the true and unexaggerated story of the wonderful religious revivals which swept over large parts of the country.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Fall and Winter Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas, skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

MRS. CARRIE CLARK

The best pills DeWitt's Little Early Risers—the safe way, pleasant and sure. Little liver pills. DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is the original. Good for cuts, burns or bruises, and especially for piles. Sold by J. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of Administration in the estate of B. F. Wright, late of Smethport Borough, McKean county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to Sheridan Gorton. All persons having claims against said estate will present them duly verified and all persons indebted to said estate will pay the same to me.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Administrator.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 4, 1910.

The Fate of the Oneida.

One of the most extraordinary catastrophies that have befallen vessels of the United States destroyed the sloop of war Oneida in Japan. She was bound homeward, with a [illegible] company, eager to [illegible] when [illegible] struck by the [illegible] coming in. The [illegible] cut off the [illegible] ship was sinking [illegible] distress were [illegible] the Bombay [illegible] left the vessel to [illegible] down, and all but one or two of her crew were drowned. The captain of the Bombay gave no other reason for his conduct than that he had Lady Eyre, the wife of a distinguished British satrap, on board and did not wish to disturb her nerves with scenes of shipwreck. He was mobbed when he reached Yokohama, dismissed from the service, socially tabooed from that time on and died in disgrace a year or two later.

Where Hypnotism Failed.

When Daysey Mayme Appleton returned recently from a party where the influence of several minds over one had been the evening's entertainment and told her mother how six girls, with their minds bent on one thought, had made a mule stand on its head, another man at their silent command had tried on a woman's hat and another man had tried to eat water with a fork, it put a suggestion into Mrs. Lysander John Appleton's brain. That evening when Lysander John came home his wife and four daughters sat in a circle with their hands covering their faces and their heads bowed. To all his inquiries they said nothing, and at last, fearing they had gone mad, he sent for the doctor. "We concentrated our minds on the thought that Lysander John must give us $5 each, and instead of that we have a doctor bill to pay," sobbed Mrs. Appleton, "and they said it would be particularly easy to work if the man's mind was a blank."—Audubon Globe.

Never Forgets 'Em.

"Maud is confirmable gladsome, she seems to have all ever present sense of humor."

"Not at all. What she has is simply an ever present consciousness of dimples."—Boston Transcript.

Fashion Note.

"Isn't your hat rather curious in shape?" asked the uninformed man.

"Certainly," answered his wife, "it has to be. Anything that wasn't curious in shape would look queer."—Washington Star.

If You Want
To Sell Your
Farm You Need

our selling service. We make a specialty of farm property. We charge no listing fee. Our advertising reaches four million people a week. We have sold farms for your neighbors. We can sell yours. When sale is completed you pay a small commission. If you want to sell write today for full information.

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

R·B·I
STANDS For the BEST in BUSINESS EDUCATION
Young People with R. B. I. Training Always in Demand
During the last four years, Nov. 1, 1905 to Nov. 1, 1909, including the period of severe business depression, 4212 calls for graduates to fill good positions were received, 1013 more than the entire student enrolment during that time. Attendance much larger this year than ever before.
Next months registration dates Jan. 3 and 4. Send for catalogue.
ROCHESTER BUSINESS INSTITUTE

License Transfer Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to Honorable Jos. W. Bouton, President Judge of the Court of Quarter Sessions of McKean County, on Tuesday, Jan. 11th, 1910, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the transfer to Alfred Hagberg of the retail Hotel liquor license granted at June Sessions 1909, to Sone Landon for the three-story frame building on the corner of Main Street and Cleveland Avenue and on the north side of Main Street in the Village of Hazelhurst, Hamlin Township, McKean County, and State of Pennsylvania, said building being known as "Hotel Hazel," to sell vinous, spirituous, malt and brewed liquors by retail, in quantities not exceeding one quart, at said place.

The said Alfred Hagberg, to whom such transfer is asked to be made, resides at Hazelhurst, said Township, County and State, and is by occupation a laborer.

V. B. BOUTON,
Attorney for Petitioner.

First Class
Laundry Work.
Do not wear
SOILED COLLARS.
Help one another by sending your LAUNDRY work
— to —
KANE STEAM LAUNDRY,
F. C. Kelts, Mgr.
C. S. VAN DUSEN, Agent,
Smethport, Pa.

FISH,
OYSTERS,
CLAMS, ETC.
Maurice River Cove Oysters in shell, clams and tub oysters. Come Tuesdays and Fridays. Fresh saltwater fish every Friday.
QUIRK'S RESTURANT.

SOME LAUNDRIES
Do good work some of the time.
MANY LAUNDRIES
Do good work most of the time.
This Laundry
Does good work ALL OF THE TIME.
We Solicit Your Work.
City Steam Laundry
Bradford, Penna.
Morrison & Hogarth, local agents, Armstrong's Drug Store.

INSURANCE!
Life, Fire & Accident
—WRITTEN BY—
W. F. SPECHT,
Smethport, Pa.
In good reliable companies

Call at my Store and look over my stock of
HARNESSES,
ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.
The best goods at reasonable prices.
CHARLER LEMMLER
Smethport, Pa.

Executor's Notice.

Estate of Mary P. Richmond, late of Smethport Borough, McKean county, Pennsylvania, notice is hereby given that letters testamentary have been duly issued by the Register of Wills of McKean county. All persons having claims against said estate will present them duly verified to meet at my office in the Graeke Bank building at Smethport, Pa., and all persons indebted to said estate will pay the same to me.

E. C. YOUNG,
Executor.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 11, 1909.

NEW FEED MILL.
Having opened a new feed mill on EAST STREET we are prepared to furnish to all the best of mill stuffs
Flour,
Feed,
Grain,
Alfalfa,
Hay and
Straw
at lowest prices.
A. E. Hacket & Son

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of Administration in the estate of Isaac Huntley, late of Keating Township, McKean Co., Pa., deceased, have been granted to H. H. Huntley. All persons having claims against said estate will present them duly verified and all persons indebted to said estate will pay the same to me.

H. H. DUNTLEY,
Administrator.
Corydon, Pa.

Dec. 7, 1909.

Great Sacrifice Sale
COMMENCES TO-DAY
50 overcoats for men
40 overcoats for boys
28 overcoats for children
at surprisingly low figures. Look now and see the bargains
Mens overcoats sizes 34 to 40
boys overcoats sizes 15 to 36
Childrens overcoats age 2 1-2 to 10
$20 to $25 mens overcoats now $16.50
$16 to $20 mens overcoats now $13.50
$10 to $15 mens overcoats now $8.50
$8.50 to $9.00 boys overcoats now $5.50
$5.50 to $6.50 boys overcoats now $3.75
$5.00 to $6.00 childrens overcoats now $3.50
$3.50 to $4.00 childrens overcoats now $2.75
Numerous other Bargains that space does not permit us to mention. Shoe Sale is still on. Come and see our bargain counter,
H. W. Rubin,
Smethport, Pa.

Merry Christmas Stationary
Christmas Boxes,
Hand Bags,
Pocket Books,
Toilet Sets,
Manicure Sets,
Bric a Brac,
Books for Children,
Copyrights,
Popular Fiction at 50c a Copy.
Call and see what we Have to offer.
McCoy's Drug Store

Why You Should Trade at
BRENNAN'S
We have the largest and most complete line of Staple and Fancy Groceries to be found in this vicinity. We also buy the best,—thus the consumers always get the best.
Fair and courteous treatment to our patrons has made it possible for us to retain their trade and good will. Join the Crowd and trade where you get Satisfaction.
GEO. W. BRENNAN.
THE CASH GROCER

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.
Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of
WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS
PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.
Main St F. H. Hungiville, SMETHPORT

McCall's Patterns

The Lindholm Co.'s Pre-Inventory Sale

Begins Thursday Morning, Jan. 6th and continues 15 days

This is our annual Pre-Inventory reduction of stock Sale, and if you wish to receive the first choice of these Sale Goods, be among the early shoppers. You will find here reductions in every department, Dry Goods, Coats, Suits, Millinery, Shoes, Jewelry, Carpets, Rugs and draperies. We, invite you to be among the Early Shoppers.

The Lindholm Company

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

DALY & GARLICK'S

Hardware

Call and See the line

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 6, 1910.

—School commenced in this borough on Monday after a two weeks holiday vacation.

—Mrs. L. E. Hopkins entertained a number of young girls Monday, Dec. 27, in honor of her daughter, Dorothy's 9th birthday.

—Y. editor got two of his fingers on his left hand quite severely pinched in the linotype Tuesday night, which considerably handicaps him at present.

—District Attorney Guy B. Mayo is suffering from a severe jarring caused by a fall on the icy pavement. It is thought that one of his ribs are broken.

—For the third time in three years, Connecut Lake has suffered a big fire. Yesterday morning that pleasant little summer resort was visited by a $60,000 fire.

—The Cut Glass factory resumed operations on Monday, which is pleasing news to the many interested in this concern.

—Harry Caskey of the Austin Autograph says that no woman's stocking in Austin will hold a table and piano at the same time, and Harry is alleged to be authority on such matters.

—The B., R. & P. Ry. has let the contract for constructing the short cut from Mt. Jewett to Newton to the Miller Construction company of Lock Haven, and material is now being procured, and tools shipped here for the early commencement of work. It is expected that if weather conditions will permit, that a force of men and teams will be at work within the next ten days.—Mt. Jewett News.

—The accidental discharge of an air gun received as a Christmas present by four-year-old Herman Schiemer, may cause his mother, Mrs. Adolph Schiemer of Ridgway, to lose the sight of her left eye, says the Record, which was penetrated by a BB shot from the gun about 10:30 o'clock Sunday forenoon. The shot which was a number 2, penetrated the center of the eyeball and at present the sight is obscured, though it is hoped that when the membranes are healed the sight will return.

—The icy side-walks have been the cause of many a heavy fall in the past few days.

—The contract for printing the January primary ballots has been awarded to the Mt. Jewett News.

—There was born to Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Alexis on Friday evening a son. Mr. and Mrs. Alexis are now the proud possessors of a dozen boys and five girls.—Mt. Jewett News.

—On Monday of last week the body of John Reardon of Bradford was found partly submerged in Bennett Brook, and a thin coating of ice over it. He was last seen alive on Saturday evening, and the ice over the body indicates that it had been in the position in which it was found for several hours at least. No inquest was held because it was evident that death was caused through his having accidentally fallen in the stream.

—A proposition to have a state hangman, whose duty it will be to personally hang every condemned man in Pennsylvania, will be laid before the State Legislature at its next session. The present aspirant for the position is Edward Swartwood, for years deputy sheriff at Pittsburg, who in his day has hanged 21 men. Swartwood was once a famous batsman of the Pittsburgh team, and later an umpire in the National League.

—New Year's night a party of young people from this place enjoyed a sleighride to Farmers Valley where they were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Oviatt. During the evening several of the young people of that place came in increasing the number of the party to about thirty. Games of various kinds were played and toothsome refreshments were served and at the wee little hours of the day the merry-makers wended their way homeward all having had a most enjoyable time.

—Yesterday's Era says: Kenneth Ersken, the five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Ersken of Big Shanty, was probably fatally burned yesterday afternoon at the home of his parents. His mother was absent briefly from the house, leaving Kenneth and two small children alone. Within a few minutes the boy rushed out of the building with his clothing in flames. His mother hastened to his assistance, but before the clothing could be torn from his body, he had been frightfully burned about the face, neck, hands, arms and back. Drs. Egbert and Hanham of Custer City were summoned and did all in their power to alleviate the sufferings of the child. Mrs. Ersken, in extinguishing the fire, was burned severely about one arm. The child's clothing caught fire from a stove in some manner.

—The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad began running over its own tracks from Coryville to Whitehouse last Friday. This practically cuts out the Larabee station on this road and puts its station at Eldred over a mile from the Pennsylvania station, but it is a vast improvement in the Shawmut service to other points. As yet the "Merry Widow" has made no change in order to connect with the northbound Penn. trains and rates, but it is understood they will be changed will be made in a short time.

Personal Mention.

Ben Young passed Sunday with friends in Olean.

Miss Anna Berge was down from Mt. Jewett over Sunday.

Ralph White was visiting relatives in Port Allegany last week.

John Shelburne of Olean was visiting friends here over Sunday.

Mrs. Fred Backus of Olean passed Sunday with relatives in this place.

William Kruger of Friendship, N. Y., is the guest of Smethport friends.

Miss Delia Wallace of Port Allegany was the guest of Miss Rice Horton last week.

S. E. Bell is home from Garland, Wyo., for a visit with his family and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Raymond of Port Allegany passed Sunday with friends in town.

Miss Frances Steinhauer of Farmers Valley, is visiting friends in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brooke of Buffalo are the guests of Smethport relatives and friends.

Mrs. Joseph Hamlin and son, Paul D. Hamlin, departed Saturday for Augusta, Ga.

Mrs. A. W. Mitchell and son, John, of Erie, Pa., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest.

The Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Harris spent the holidays in Middleport, Medina and Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Boteral Brooke were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Brooke of Buffalo Christmas week.

Mrs. F. B. Granger is spending a few weeks in Baltimore where she is visiting relatives and friends.

Elmer Raymer of Galeton was the guests of his parents Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Raymer, during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Lehmun passed Christmas with relatives and friends in Dansville and Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Campbell of Kane were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Brennenman New Year's day.

Miss Ida Engstrom returned to her home in Jamestown, N. Y., Monday, after a short visit with relatives here.

Miss Tyco Gifford has returned to Williamsport after a short visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Gifford.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Bowen and children of Bradford were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Clayton Jackus last week.

Misses Zola Brasted and Ruth Holmes left Monday for South Bethlehem where they will resume their studies.

Mrs. Frank E. Williams of Jamestown, N. Y., was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Burg Chadwick the latter part of last week.

Horace B. King returned Monday to Bucknell University after spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George King.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Seger and son, Arthur, of New York left for their home Tuesday after a short visit with relatives in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Tiamni and son, John, returned to their home in Bradford Saturday after a short visit with relatives in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hartmyer returned to their home in Buffalo after spending Christmas with Miss Nettie Duntley and Mrs. C. H. Curtis.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Cunningham and Mr. and Mrs. William Cunningham of Olean were the guests of relatives in East Smethport Christmas week.

Mrs. Clarence Choate and son, Homer, who has been the guests of Uniontown relatives and friends for the past three months returned home last week.

Miss Edna Comes who has been spending the holiday vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Comes, returned to Olean, Monday to resume her studies.

Mrs. Foster Studholme and children of Olean, N. Y., and Mrs. Gordon Studholme and daughter, of Port Allegany have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holder for the past two weeks.

S. F. Redfield left this morning for Buffalo to meet Mrs. Redfield and children who have been visiting in Syracuse for the past two weeks. They will return to their home in this place Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Canfield and daughter, Miss Zola, and Mrs. Julia A. Thornton and daughter, Miss Lena, of Bradford were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thornton of East Smethport last week.

Home Journal Patterns
10c and 15c

FRY & COMES.

Monarch Shirts
$1.00 to $1.50.

AUCTION CLEARING SALE

JANUARY 17 to 29, INCLUSIVE

SALES COMMENCE
2 p. m. and 7 p. m.

Our second annual Auction Clearance Sale will take place on above dates. We have engaged Mr. King of Erie, Pa., who auctioned for us last January at our first sale giving general satisfaction.

Conditions of this sale will be same as the first one, viz: Everything as represented or money refunded. Highest bidder gets the goods.

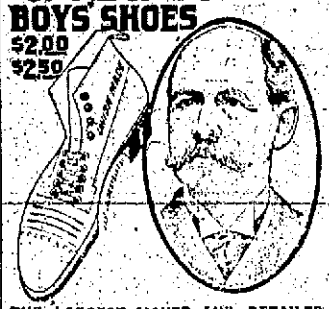
TERMS: Spot cash at time of sale. No bid will excepted for more than regular sale price--We won't let you pay too much.

GET READY TO SAVE MONEY

Fry & Comes

SMETHPORT, PENNSYLVANIA

W. L. DOUGLAS
$3, $3.50 & $4. SHOES
BOYS' SHOES
$2.00
$2.50



THE LARGEST MAKER AND RETAILER OF MEN'S FINE SHOES IN THE WORLD

"SUPERIOR TO OTHER MAKES."
"I have worn W. L. Douglas shoes for the past six years, and always find they are far superior to all other high grade shoes in style, comfort and durability." W. C. JONES, 10 Howard Ave., Utica, N. Y.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would realize why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make.

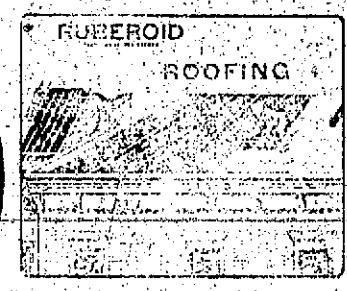
CAUTION—See that W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on the bottom. Take No Substitutes. If your dealer cannot supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

FOR SALE BY

ANDERSON & CARLSON
Smethport, Pa.

WHY

RUBEROID ROOFING



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the world. Unlike coal tar and the entire

It contains no tar-board or any other inferior material which will decay, disintegrate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

WM. MONHEIMER.

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COMIN' THROUGH OF UNC' NATHUN.

Story of a Watch Night Meeting on a Southern Plantation.

By LEYBURN RITNER.

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"Miss Lizy," queried old Ellen as she combed my hair for the night, "'pears to me yo' don' quite 'member yo' promisses lak yo' uster, somehow."

"Well, Ellen, that's rather hard. What have I done now?"

"Well, honey, each year when New Year's comes roun' I jes' much'ly ask yo' to go to watch night, to the cullud chu'ch, wif me, an' yo' jes' say, 'I'pears to me I'd lak to go right smart, but I jes' ain't feelin' peart,' or dey's camping comin', or dere's some other kind ob scuse, but yo' allus

"'ES, SAHYUH, WE'RE WORKIN'." [Was Don't Like Mine.]

promisses me sure, an' nuthin' ur keep yo' f'om gwine on NY'ye."

"Well?" said I.

"Now, honey, dis yeah, nex' year"

I had been noting my annual visit to the old plantation and the week between Christmas and New Year's, always the shortest week in the year, had seemed shorter than ever this winter, and my time was filled with little pleasures and excitements, the day set for my return being all too near. Christmas, ever the greatest festival for both white and black on the Eastern Shore, had come and gone, New Year's day was of little account to us in comparison, but to the negroes "watch night" had always been a time of great concern. The quieter and more religious element devoutly attended church, where, too, many of the lighter hearted and reckless ones were drawn by the attraction always strong of something out of the ordinary, and the firing of duck guns and the blowing of horns would cease for an hour or more, only to break out in fuller chorus when the congregation was dismissed.

Ellen, ex-lieutenant, full-fledged handmaiden in the days "befo' the wah," was the last of the house servants of the old regime and, upon our arrival at Beauregard, gaily triumphed in resuming her duties of "waitin' on de ladies."

To offend Ellen was not lightly to be undertaken, for indeed would one of us willingly or knowingly have done it, and I felt a grief that was real to think that I had not kept faith with her even in so lightly made a promise "to go with her to watch night nex' year."

Ellen was soon herself again upon having my word really to go with her this year, and she beamed like a child with the news.

"I speshully wanted yo' to go dis yere time," she said, "fur ole Unc' Nathun done give out that he gwine tell us once mo' 'bout his comin' thoo', an' I spec' he ain't gwine last much longer.

"Yo' know, Miss Lizy, Unc' Nathun's mos' ninety years old now, an' he sleep mos' all de time, but I gwine to shake 'im up an' he go down to de chu'ch an' tell his sperunce once mo.' Hit p'intedly was a pow'ful comin' thoo'."

Then, taking my hand, Ellen proceeded in low tones, as if the old man would hear her: "Miss Lizy, when I was a little gal Unc' Nathun was de wickedest man God ebber made. Dat he was, honey, an' he had de hostes' wife. Aun' Judy sattenly was er good woman sure. Ole marsta he nebber would 'lowed Unc' Nathun on 'is plantation but fur Aun' Judy. Honey, in dem days dere was mean white men, stan'in' roun' fur to use a mean nigger fur dere own profit, an' right nex' to we all's place was dat ole Sam Thomas. He was too mean to wuk hisself, an' he nebba had no niggers to wuk fur him, an' he an' his boys jes' make bad whisky an' trade hit to de cullud people fur dere ole marsta's crops. Unc' Nathun he fed ole marsta's horses, an' dat way he got all de whisky he want, an' dat made 'im lots meaner dan he naterlly was."

"Ole marsta say he nebba cud understan' why de crops didn't hol' out so lotta, but after Unc' Nathun dap roun' dere den he know exackly why de crops los'."

"Ellen, why didn't some of the colored friends tell my grandfather?" I asked.

"Honey, we was 'feared, case we wud git conjured. But we was sho', I 'member one day we was gwine to hab a co'n shuckin', an' all de niggers f'm dis part ob de country was to be dere. Aun' Ginny call all we young gals up f'm de quartah to cut de punkins up to make de pies, 'cuze, Miss Lizy, punkin pies is pow'ful skrumptious to niggers. So we gals wen' up to de straw rick to get de punkins, an', honey, ef yo' believe me, we foun' a barl ob whisky where Unc' Nathun done hide it. But we was p'lutedly feared to tell on 'im, sho'."

"But why, Ellen?" I inquired.

"'Cuze, Miss Lizy, Unc' Nathun gwine to conjure us. Unc' Nathun couldn't exackly conjure us 'leasoff, but he buy de stuff f'm ole Aun' Lucy or pay ole Lucy to do hit fur him. She was de conjure 'oman, an' she live in de nex' plantation to we alls, in 'er cabin all by 'erself, ebba since I could 'member outth dey foun' her daid in de bed one day.

"But, honey, de meanes' thing Unc' Nathun dun was de way he beat Aun' Judy. Aun' Judy uster kneel down an' pray out loud in de daytime, an' dat allus aggervate Unc' Nathun. But ole marsta was passin' by one day, an' he heah Aun' Judy hollerin', an' he sho' did gin Unc' Nathun a beatin' wiv his cane. An' he tol' Unc' Nathun he ain't gwine to 'low no man to hit er 'oman on his place, an', mo' 'n dat, he say ef Unc' Nathun ebber strike 'is wife ergin he gwine to sen' 'im up to de co'thouse an' gin 'im de strene penalty ob de law, 'cuze, yo' know, honey, in dem days ef er nutt beat his wife white or cullud dey carry 'im up dar an' gin 'im What dey 'serve, but dey did sho'."

"Nudder thing Unc' Nathun did dun, he play de fiddle, an' he dance, an' he cross his laigs when he dance. Now, Miss Lizy, yo' know yo' in danger ob hell fire, but ef yo' cross yo' laigs when yo' 'dance de debbil gwine git yo' sho'. Dat's wat Strudder Jones allus say, an' he de ole time ornited preacher, an' he know all dem ole time hell fire dangers. But now I gwine let yo' heah Unc' Nathun tell de res'."

The next night I carefully put on my best Sunday finery, and I felt that even then I was hardly deserving of the words of approval from Ellen's whose unique social leadership in colored circles would have put to shame the ambitions of an Astor or a Vanderbilt.

The rural white meeting house was to, for who remembered the old days "befo' de wah," which had given its name to one of the minor battles of the civil war, but it was an evidence of the prosperity and welfare of the race that was cheering to note after the pessimistic stories of the degradation of the negro with which the northern reader is constantly fed.

The light skinned spectacled minister sat on the platform, and below him, turned toward the people, stood a large splint bottomed chair in which was huddled a little wizened faced, mummy like old man, evidently fast asleep.

This I knew without being told was "Unc' Nathun", even before Ellen's knowing wink and nod indicated him. He and Aunt Ellen were almost the only ones present of the ancient "befo' the wah" type of darky.

The meeting began in a circumspect manner with a hymn of Wesley's, "Oh, For a Thousand Tongues to Sing!" a clearly read chapter giving the story of the Wise and Foolish virgins and then a short prayer, the well chosen words evincing the Hampton training of its author; then a pause, and the preacher said, "Sister Clayton, won't you raise our one of our old time times that we all loved the best?" And then in full rich tones the voice of a baritone singer near the aisle started up:

My lord's gwine set weary;
Angels gwine ter blessin' down
Dem set weary; ye're boun' to see de Lawd.

The change was instantaneous. The dignified, self conscious demeanor vanished, and the congregation grew freer and more natural in behavior. Arms were stretched, feet stamped, seats moved, and here and there a groan or a half suppressed cry showed the beginning of "de wu'kin' ob de spirit," and soon the room seemed filled with a fervor of religious excitement that carried me back to the long gone days of my childhood.

The weird hymn ended only to be followed by other and wilder melodies characteristic of the ancient days.

From my seat I could just see the grizzled head of "Unc' Nathun," but I would have known from the craning necks and eager faces of the congregation that he was rousing from his stupor. Voice after voice died down, and finally the singing ceased as the old man opened his eyes, raised himself and leaned forward in his chair, stretching wide the shrunken and withered arms.

The time had evidently come for his "sperunce," and the room was hushed in suppressed excitement. His blinking eyes gazed round about for a moment, and he began to speak in slow and subdued tones.

"LI'l chillun," said "Unc' Nathun"—"li'l chillun, dis sho' 'pears to me dat I done tole yo' dese words 'nough times befo', but of hit is yo' pleasure I gwine to 'late de circumstances ob my comin' thoo' ergin.

"Yo' all done read fur yo'selves in de Bible how de Lawd 'peared to de Erpostle Paul on de way. De same way de Lawd laught me up in de air an' show me de way ob salvation. Mebbe some ob yo' ole peoples 'member dat I was a mourner, wrestlin' hard; mise yo' kin call to mine dat I had de hostes' ole 'oman in de worl'. But what aggervate me so. She spen' so much time on 'er knees, an' she git down an' pray out loud when I come home to dinnah, an' she done de same thing ebery night.

"So one day she done hen dish' dat, an' I knowed dat was er 'vine gittin' on up at de meetin' house, an', chillun, I mek up my mine to brek hit up, an' I jes' walk up to de chu'ch; an' I link in at de winder, an' I see Judy up at de mo'ners' bench sortin' sinnehs to repent. An' Brudder Jones he war dere, too, so den an' dere I 'cluded I'd git er shotgun an' kill one ob um sure."

By this time "Unc' Nathun" had got thoroughly warmed up to his subject. He leaned forward, resting a hand upon each knee, and his now keen black eyes seemed to pierce each soul as he proceeded:

"Bred'ren, I start back to borrer de shotgun to shoot wif f'm ole Sam Thomas, an' comin' 'long thoo' de woods I feel—I feel er han'. Jes' as plain iff me up offen de ground. O Lawd, I was skieved! An' den—an' den I see de lake ob fire dat nebba was squenched, an' I was let down, an' dat same han' 'hel' me ober er deep hole, an' I link down into dat hole tell I could see de debbles all aroun' dat fire, wif pitchfo'ks in dere han's, an' dey was 'red 'hot, an' dey was jes' a-flingin' white fo'ks an' niggers into dem flames. An', chillun, dey nebba burnt up. Dey jes' marbilly lay dere an' frizzle on dem coals.

"Hit was de awfulest sight I ebba seen, de ole debble hisself dere di-rectin' de wuk, but he wun't doin' no wuk hisself 'cept to see me.

"Yo' know, bred'ren, I 'pinks had said dat I was gwine to serve de debble all de days ob my life, den when I come to de Jedgment an' he ax me my number seen 'im grin w'en he tuk up an' wrote Nathun!

"He jerk me ob dem red hot pitchfo'ks outen de han' ob a young debble, an' he say: 'Tuk at dat ole fool nigger Nathun. I gwine to hab a time wid 'im ob dough' 'im hate dis fire myself. I put her hot place spy hotta prepar' for him.' Wif dat he start up arter me. Jes' 'pose hallelujah de han' dat hel' me dar hit 'ge up outen his way an' set my feet on de gloun' ag'in.

"Den, bred'ren an' sistren, I heern a voice say, 'Nathun, Nathun, is yo' ready now to fi'n' Unc' Jo' sins an' serve de Lawd Jesus?'

"'Yes, I ery out ergin, 'yes, O Lawd, Mars' Jesus, I am!' But de voice say: 'Den I want yo' to go up to de cabin ob Sam Thomas. Yo' Unc' Shot, Mars' Jesus. Yes I will.' An' I 'sponse ergin, 'Yes, Lawd, I will.' An' I 'sponse ergin, 'Yes, Lawd, I will.' An' I 'sponse ergin, 'Yes, Lawd,

The Bishop's Kitten

A Christmas Story

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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It was Christmas eve. The secretary had paper and pencil ready and a typewriter beside him. The bishop of Winchester sat in the window in a skylight backed chair, for it appeared that he could not even allow himself the luxury of resting when he might have rested.

"A note of thanks from the president of the board of managers of the Home For the Homeless," said the secretary, opening another letter, with a little sigh of relief, for he was near the end of the pile. "He says that your magnificent contribution has saved the home from serious difficulties and that this will enable them to go through the winter comfortably."

"No answer needed," said the bishop briefly.

"A letter from Mr. Hanlon for help for a poor family. He says he has found a family in great distress, and he looks to you for advice and assistance."

"He doesn't need advice. He needs assistance. Tell him to draw on me and do what he thinks necessary."

"A letter from Mr. Quintard in reference to young Cooper, the theological student. He has married and so has forfeited his right to continue his course and quite upset his career unless you are willing to make an exception in his case."

The bishop's face flushed and his eyes grew troubled.

"Write Mr. Quintard," he said in low tones, "that he will please forward to the young man by compliments and tell him that since he has put his nose to the grindstone he may keep it there. He is to tell him from me that he has acted not some humble employment for himself."

"Are you going out, sir?" asked the secretary as the bishop put on his overcoat.

"Yes," replied the great man slowly. "I promised to give a talk to the workingmen's forum up the Dayton mission."

There was a world of personal history in the simple answer. It was a cold and dismal night, and the air was lurking cheerily in the grate, yet this man, who might have taken his ease, was going to the farthest extremity of the city to talk to grimy workingmen. The secretary watched him with wonder and curiosity in his face. The hard stern, unbending man. The self sacrificing sympathizer with the poor—what contradictions were in this man's nature!

The mission stood in the midst of a thickly settled district populated chiefly by the workmen from the foundries and mills that abounded there. The mission house was small and plain and not too comfortable, as the bishop knew, for he had spoken there before. To his surprise, the doors were closed and the place was dark.

"Strange," he said to himself, "I am not think I was too early."

Nothing stirred about the house except a little furry kitten which sat on the steps and rear the alley with agonized howls.

"Mercy, what a voice!" exclaimed the bishop, stupidly. "We can cold poor little kitty."

Looking up and down the street to see that no one was coming, he took the little thing in his hands and held it against his breast. It crawled up on his shoulder and nestled down inside his overcoat and could not be seen. Then the bishop walked briskly on.

"If I see any of the people I can take it out," he thought. "Perhaps one of the workmen will take it home to the children."

Lulled by the warmth, the kitten was quiet for a moment, but not at once it realized that there was something else needed. It crawled up, put out its head and howled louder than ever.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the bishop. "It must be hungry. If the men would only come—"

Sure enough, there was some one walking up the street with a rapid swing. But he was about to pass when the bishop stopped him.

"Pardon me, my friend," he said, "but I expected there would be service in this house tonight. Can you tell me—"

"No; it's Christmas night," said the man, hurrying on.

He had mistaken the night, and all this long journey! "Too bad, kitty," he said to the head which was just beneath his chin and which was giving utterance to the wildest and most hopeless howls. "As I have nothing else to do, though, perhaps I might find a place where they would give you a little milk and maybe adopt you."

A little distance farther on there was a house where there was a fire in the front room, and he could hear a man's voice within. Ah, here was the place! A man would understand the situation.

A ring at the bell and the door was flung open and a man stood on the threshold. "That you, Fred?" he ask ed, peering into the darkness.

"No, it is not Fred," replied the bishop mildly, and then he repeated his formula:

"See here, my man," said the person in the doorway, "I don't know whether you're crazy or on a jag, but you'd better hurry on, for it is mighty near time for the copper on this beat to go around."

The bishop drew his splendid figure erect, and walked on. "All men are becoming pessimists," he said to himself and the kitten.

Perhaps it was this gloomy thought that made the kitten open its mouth and surpass all its previous efforts in the way of soul stirring wails. The bishop set his lips in a hard line.

"I'm going to find something for this kitten to eat," he said, half aloud, and when the bishop said things in that way it was as well for circumstances to yield.

A tiny cottage stood at a street corner—such a tiny cottage that it seemed to have been crowded into the corner as an afterthought when the place was already built. There was a light in the front room, and as the bishop had grown desperate he walked up the small stoop and rang the bell.

A young man opened the door. There was an electric light a few feet away, and the bishop saw by it that the young man had a pale face and that his hair was tumbled as though by restless fingers. While he was noting these things he was telling about the kitten.

"I have applied to several people," he added, "but they seem to look upon me as a dangerous and suspicious character. I hope you will be more generous in your judgment."

The young man had started at the sound of his voice, but he opened the door wider.

"Come in," he said. "I think we will be able to find the kitten something to eat."

A slender slip of a girl arose from her seat near the fire and went into the other room. She came back presently with a saucer of milk and set it and the kitten down on a rug, and then the bishop sat down, too, at their invitation, and they laughed with one accord at the enthusiastic manner in which the kitten crawled boldly into that saucer of milk and lapped and choked and lapped and strangled again as though it would never have enough.

"The poor little thing was hungry, very hungry," said its benefactor pityingly.

While the kitten drank the bishop was looking around the poor, neat little room, with its bare floor shining white and its pitiful little adornings. And from the room his eyes wandered to the girl, who was down on her knees by the fire wiping the milk from the kitten's paws and making it fit for decent society. She was a lovely girl, with large, tender brown eyes, and her hair was filled with gold in the firelight, and there was a dimple in the midst of the bloom on her left cheek.

When had the bishop of Winchester ever noticed the bloom on a woman's cheek before or the dimple in the midst of it?

"Really, this is very pleasant," he said, warming under the genial influence of the neat little room and the lovely girl and the fine young man with the intellectual face. "I am glad that I found the kitten, for it has kept the gang of us making some pleasant friends. You must give me your name, for I have no disposition to lose them so pleasantly found."

Something had been weighing on the mind of the young man ever since his guest had come into the room. Now he arose and stood before the bishop, his eyes kindling.

"My name is Cooper," he said, with an intrepidity which the bishop could not but recognize even in the midst of his amazement. "I am a student of theology."

"Of course. A month ago I married and today you sent me word that since I had put my nose to the grindstone I could keep it there."

There was silence in the room for some moments. Then the bishop arose and began to button his overcoat.

"I am glad I came in," he said gently. Looking at the young man. "And so you have been married a month? Have courage, my boy. We all have our grindstones, and our noses are kept pretty constantly at them in the course of the years, but no matter so they don't grind away any of our hearts. And this is the little wife who was more and better than a career. Well, perhaps she is. She reminds me of a girl I knew long ago. You won't mind my taking the little kitten home with me, will you?"

And the two young people stood amazed while he put the kitten inside his overcoat and then shook hands with them warmly before he departed.

The next morning when the secretary entered the study he paused and leaned against the door a moment and passed his hands across his eyes. Could that be the bishop at Winchester sitting in his accustomed place, with a white kitten climbing over him and rubbing its ears and bumping its head against his chin?

"Why, you're here, Daniel!" said the bishop, catching sight of him. "Sit down there for a moment and take this for Mr. Quintard."

And the secretary stopped his reading facetiae while the bishop dictated:

"Dear Quintard—I have reconsidered my decision in regard to young Cooper. I have some evidence that goes to show that he will make a useful man, and you may desire me to say that he will be allowed to continue his course; also please ascertain if he is at all cramped in his circumstances, and if so consider me your banker and help him as he needs it without letting him know to whom he is indebted. You can balance this, I know.

"I must be dreaming," said the secretary to himself, but as he looked again to convince himself there was the bishop of Winchester stilling at the kitten, which was crawling at the leaves of one of the abstract books on the table and turning somersaults down the open pages.

SIRES AND SONS.

Judge Gaynor did not contribute a dollar toward his election as mayor of New York.

Armand Fallieres, president of France, is sixty-eight. He was nine times president of the French senate.

Sven Hedin, the Swedish geographer and explorer, who recently led an expedition through Tibet, has been made knight commander of the Indian empire.

Even the honeymoon in the air is not a new idea. M. Flammarion, the distinguished French astronomer and aeronaut, took his bride for a honeymoon trip in a balloon on Aug. 28, 1874.

Frederico Carasa, the young Spanish tenor, who hopes to rival Caruso as closely in fame as he does in name, has been decorated by the French government and appointed to an official post in the department of public education.

Emile O'Keith, for years Barnum's India rubber man, has been sent up for eight years in France. Emile was a clever clown, tarebmaker rider and acrobat, but lately has turned his talents to climbing walls and picking complicated locks.

Colonel John H. Whallon, the leading politician of Louisville, Ky., was the youngest soldier of the Confederacy. Colonel Whallon entered the Confederate service when he was eleven years old, in 1862, and served until the close of the war.

For thirty-five years William De Mortie has been in charge of the watchtower at Sandy Hook. During that time he has seen practically every vessel that has come in or out of New York harbor. He knows all the big liners by sight, and he has the route logs by heart.

Sporting Notes.

Umpire Jim Hurst will have a job on his hands next season.

It is claimed that Ed Geers will train next season Ormonde, a half brother to Country Jay, 2:07½, and Kentucky Todd, 2:08¾. He was sired by Wilkes, 1:29¾, out of Parolella, by Parkville.

Babe Adams of the Pittsburgs, the most talked of pitcher in the business, broke the best record of any National league pitcher in the matter of runs per game. The average off him in fifteen times out being 1.53 per game.

A. Powers heads the list of winning hockeys in the country, with 137 scalps to his credit. Tuffin, the California boy, is second, with 132. While Stalling is fourth on the list, he has the best percentage of any of the pitchers.

Luther H. Taylor, former pitcher of the New York Nationals, who last year twirled for the Buffalo Eastern league team, turned out a winning football team this season at the State School for the Deaf and Dumb, located at Olathe, Kan.

Tales of Cities.

The New York tenements average fifty-seven inhabitants to the building.

Duluth, at the head of Lake Superior, has the greatest tonnage of any port in the world.

Marseilles is the leading receivable oil center of the world, its forty-five mills crushing about 465,000 tons of seed annually. Hundreds of thousands of barrels of imported oils are also handled there each year.

The German city of Chemnitz enjoys during the months of December and January but 156 hours of sunshine out of 708 that are theoretically possible, or only 22 per cent. During the entire year the sun shines there during only 41 per cent of the number of hours when it is above the horizon.

Crop Statistics.

It is estimated that this year's peanut crop in Virginia and North Carolina will be 3,427,200 bushels.

Manitoba raised 47,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1903, but last year the crop amounted to 87,500,000 bushels.

It is estimated that the cotton seed of Texas will net the farmers of the Lone Star State this year at least $10,000,000.

Of the $8,200,000,000 that the farms of the United States have yielded in 1903 the south's share is $2,400,000,000. Of the south's total between $800,000,000 and $1,000,000,000 represents the crop of cotton, with its seed, an increase of between $150,000,000 and $200,000,000 over 1902.

Law Points.

A wife is held in Vose versus Myott (Iowa), 120 N. W. 58, 21 L. R. A. (N. S.), 277, not to be made personally liable for her husband's board by a statute making the family expenses a charge upon her property.

A county while engaged in building a bridge upon a public highway is held in Shawnee county versus Jacobs (Kan.), 90 Pac. 817, 21 L. R. A. (N. S.), 209, to act as a subdivision of the state government and not to be liable for the negligent performance of such work unless expressly made so by statute.

German Gleanings.

In Germany 30 per cent of the forests belong to the crown.

Altogether since 1871 the German empire has lost only 2,750,000 people by emigration, or as many as can be made good in four years by the excess of births over deaths.

The fact that the increase in the consumption of fruit exceeds the rate of increase of the population in Germany indicates that fruit is becoming more popular as food, even among the working people.

A Culinary Capture

The Sequel to Nanon's Birthday Banquet.

By VIRGINIA TYLER HUDSON.

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Though women were few, and single women fewer, in the construction camps along the keys, it must be admitted that the coming of Nanon O'Higgins caused scarcely a flutter in the busy camp life.

When old Jim O'Higgins carelessly remarked that he would not eat at the camp table, as he had his daughter with him and would take his share from the commissary to his shack, it was the cue of Anjer Regan and Peter Ingraham and Frenchy Despard to stroll casually over toward the O'Higgins shack at the close of the first day's work. It was not because of a lack of welcome that they went no more—at least for some time.

"Not much for looks, sure," was the pronunciamento of Anjer Regan as they went back to the bunk boat down at the edge of the scraggly coral beach. "Her eyes gave me the creeps too. Looks as if she had a regular grouch at the world."

"Mos' probably," put in Frenchy, "she have-not with ze work, but with ze old O'Higgins, who have name her Nanon. Parbleu! Such a name for such a femme! Youth and beauty, certissiment, Hyacinth, and when you see her, pouf! It vanoosh!"

One day Ingraham was stretched on the white sands when O'Higgins came upon him.

"We want you and some of the boys to come up to the shack for dinner tonight, Mr. Ingraham," said the old man hesitatingly. "This is my little girl's birthday, and I thought—"

Ingraham hesitated.

"Oh, why not?" he thought. "This once won't hurt me. The old chap's proud of the girl, I suppose, too, and he hates to see her neglected." So he answered as he rose, fawning: "All right, O'Higgins, we'll be on deck."

All three of the men knew what it was to dine well. In the city Ingraham was known as such an epicure that it was a standing joke with his friends that he would starve down on the keys if the construction camp commissary, like all true Frenchmen, Despard, too, knew the value of things culinary. But each was compelled to admit that never, even in the best clubs and restaurants, had they sat down to a daintier feast than that provided in the little Florida shack. And that, too, on the necessarily limited fare.

"Mais oui!" exclaimed the delighted Frenchman as together they strolled toward the beach. "Such soup! Such all entree! Such salee herbsel! It would appear that we have underrated the Mlle. Nanon! Never have I had such a salad of cucumis. It was beautiful enough to make Oscar turn the cuckoos green!"

"At last he has been smitten with the charms of Nanon," solemnly sang hummed Anjer. "The little girl has got busy and hit him in the stomach. But surely he don't expect to be without a rival. I, too, unassisting have these many years been in search of a good cook."

Ingraham bowed at his companions severally.

"Little beasts," he muttered.

Frenchy Despard one night, after a longer visit than usual, when he and Nanon had gone for a walk along the coral beach, "all I have ze honaire to be betrothed to Mlle. Nanon O'Higgins." He bowed low.

"Well, you turned the trick on us, all right, Frenchy," said the somewhat disconcerted Anjer. "May I hope to have an occasional invitation to eat at your house? I can't say but what, on the whole, I'm just as well satisfied. We'll at least have the cook in the family, so to speak."

Ingraham looked up with a frown. For the first time the girl's side of this occurred to him. She was to be sacrificed! But, with a shrug as if he would efface the thing, although the girl's dark eyes haunted him, he turned to his book.

Two days later Despard came in from the construction camp early. He was intrusted by the superintendent with a message for O'Higgins to prepare for a visit from one of the board of directors whose yacht had been sighted. He went, therefore, at once across the beach to the shack in the palm-trees. With the freedom of the accepted lover he turned the corner of the house toward the little kitchen.

"She will be preparing for me the grand dinner," he said to himself unctuously and leaned across the sill of the window through which he could hear the rattle of pots and pans. The sight that met his eyes made his jaw drop and stilled the greeting on his lips. More quietly than he had come the man withdrew and slunk across the beach to the bunk boat.

Only an idling darky boy was in sight when Despard reached the waiting motorboat, into which he hurriedly climbed, carrying a suit case and three notes he had written.

"Here, you," he called as he started the motor, "deliver these notes as soon as this boat is out of sight!" Out in the channel he turned in the opposite direction from Knight's key and headed for Miami. The negro boy waited until a little promontory hid the boat from view and the chug-chug of the motor could no longer be heard and started on a dogtrot with the missives, which were addressed to old O'Higgins, Nanon and Ingraham.

When the men came in later Ingraham hurried to the O'Higgins shack. Old O'Higgins, more bent and forlorn than ever, sat in the little doorway softly weeping.

"Despard?" queried the superintendent. "Has he been here? I sent him"—

"He was here, yes," quavered the old man bitterly. "And has gone away, but if I live long enough to find him he will answer for this insult to my little girl."

"Insult?" cried Ingraham, astonished. "Who—Despard? Has Nanon"—

"Read these," said O'Higgins, handing him Frenchy Despard's notes. He took the opened one of O'Higgins first.

"You have deceived me grossly," it started, without introduction. "You have tried to foist your ugly daughter on me under false pretenses, and I rebel. I have gone away—so far that you will never be able to find me to marry your daughter that cannot cook."

Bewildered, the man opened the other note.

"Dear M. Ingraham," it read, "I am forced to the flight, ignominious. Miss Nanon, my fiancee, I find is no cook at all. On arriving at her home unannounced today I saw her father preparing those so elegant dishes we have thought she made. Of course I cannot marry her, but fear they will try to force this so unpleasant state on me. Your motorboat I return from Miami."

Uncertain whether to laugh or join the O'Higgins' lament, Ingraham stood staring at the epistles. Then the thought of the girl's sad eyes came to him.

"And Nanon?" he asked somewhat awkwardly.

"Knows, and it will break her proud heart to see you all again. Oh, my poor little girl, to think I brought this on you! And I thought I was doing it for your good!" The old man's wife broke out afresh.

"Did she love this Despard so much, then?" queried Ingraham.

"No, no!" was the hasty answer. "Lately I've come to think she didn't love him at all, but was doing it to please me. She knew I wanted her so happy a Frenchman and thought this was her only chance. You know my poor Nanon isn't exactly what might be called beautiful," he went on deprecatingly.

Ingraham's face broadened in a suppressed smile, but the father went on:

"I have a confession to make to you, Mr. Ingraham," he said. "Something you should have known before, for Nanon said, I mistook it. The years goes back a long time. Once I had everything I wanted, and then it wouldn't have been necessary for me to go what I have to get a husband for Nanon. You boys maybe thought we didn't know what brought you here so much, but we did. It was the cooking. Nanon knew, but she only laughed and let me have my way. Always she only had it in her mind to let me have my way and please me. But, to go back, after my wife died things went wrong, and I lost all I had, and I had never been taught to work, so could do little, and there came a time when we didn't know where to get our next meal. Then came this chance down here. Nanon told me to accept it. 'But I can't keep accounts,' I told her. 'Never mind,' said she; 'we'll do that so they'll never know.' And she did. On account of my lameness I got permission to work here in the shack. Now, don't you see? She did the work, while I kept the house and cooked.

"Cooking was the only thing I could do, you see, but I can cook. French cooking has always been my hobby, and I learned from some of the best experts alive. Well, I began to think Nanon ought to get married, for I wanted some little children about me, and she never attracted men, though I'll bet you know beautiful her heart and mind are instead of looking at the face I would not have had it play a schemer for getting attention to her. I thought if a man really got to know her it wouldn't matter about the means. But I've failed, you see," he finished, "and that's all. I've disgraced my child, and we'll have to start all over again somewhere else."

"Where is the girl?" asked Ingraham soberly. O'Higgins nodded at the pines.

Seated on a dead tree trunk he found the girl, her somber eyes gazing out through the vista of pine trees into the patch of open sea beyond.

"Nanon," he said, offering his hand, "I've come to see if there isn't something I can say—something I can do"—

"What is there to be said?" she answered, ruefully smiling. "Only—only please don't say you'll bring him back."

"Then you don't love—didn't love"—

"I love my father," she said simply. "And he wanted me to marry."

As the man looked down into the deep eyes that told so much of self sacrifice and love, that would have made her even sacrifice her life to give an old man passing happiness, the slow dawn of a comprehension broke over him, a comprehension of what it meant to know a woman, who knew only one law—the law of devotion. He had never been a man of impulse, but as Ingraham gazed at her the one that came to him was heeded.

"There are other men to marry, Nanon," he said, looking her squarely in the eyes. The girl winced a bit, but laughingly replied:

"It cannot be that you, too, are looking for a cook?"

"I'm looking for a woman," he said, "and I think I've found her. I won't ask you to answer me now," he went on hurriedly. "I have only found myself that I love you, and the sensation is so wonderful that I, too, must have time to think of it. But you will think of me a little, won't you?"

The girl put out her hand as a glad light flitted in the somber eyes through their wondering.

"I think I've always done that," she said.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, sister of the late President Cleveland, has signed the national suffrage petition.

Mrs. P. S. Peterson of Chicago has given Mount Holyoke college a building to be used as a home for retired members of the faculty.

Miss Ruthina Skidmore, who has been reelected foreign secretary of the United States Geographical society, has held that office for twenty years. She represented the society at the international congress held in London in 1895.

Miss Kate M. Gordon of New Orleans, former corresponding secretary of the National American Woman Suffrage association, has undertaken to raise a fund of $100,000 in memory of Susan B. Anthony. One-fourth of the amount has already been raised.

Mrs. Sophie Mayer of New York is the first woman lawyer to appear in the courts of Austria. Acting as attorney of a New York tailor, Mrs. Mayer went to Austria some time ago and obtained permission from the minister of justice in Vienna to appear. She won her case.

Mrs. J. B. Greenhut of New York and Denver is the first woman to be elected to the board of directors of the International Jewish Home For Consumptives. The institution has been open ten years and has its sanitarium in Colorado. After her election to the board Mrs. Greenhut was chosen third vice president.

Things Theatrical.

One of the novelties in "The Jolly Bachelors," the new Fields-Shubert review, is a scene showing the three decks of the Lusitania.

Ethelbert Hales, who last season played a variety of roles in support of Robert Mantell, has been added to the cast of "The Dollar Mark," now on tour.

Paul Dickey, leading man with Henrietta Crosman in "Sham," has written a play entitled "The Ghost Breaker," which has been accepted and will be produced by Henry B. Harris.

When it is necessary for Margaret Anglin to produce a new play it will be a comedy of modern life written by John Luther Long, with whom the actress signed a contract recently.

Recent Inventions.

A Wisconsin man has patented a stovepipe cutter, consisting of a curved frame to grip the pipe, fastened to which is a pointed knife to cut the metal.

To prevent the allegation of cheeks or other valuable papers an inventive genius has brought out an electric apparatus which burns tiny holes in the paper as the inscription is written.

A German inventor has brought out a new process for lacquering brass tubing by covering it in a lathe and applying the lacquer while the tubing is heated electrically. Formerly the heating had to be done in ovens with a separate operation for every coat of lacquer.

The Royal Box.

King Edward is a very fair billiard player and occasionally indulges in an evening game.

King Leopold has spent no less than 6,000,000 francs—about $1,200,000—on a private railway from Laeken to his palace, a distance of about a mile.

Prince Regent Luitpold of Bavaria has just celebrated his eighty-third birthday and the seventieth anniversary of his appointment as lieutenant of artillery.

There is not the slightest trace of girlishness in Queen Alexandra's figure. She appears as youthful as a schoolgirl. Her step is light, her carriage erect, and her form is lithe and graceful.

The Cookbook.

For a change instead of using onion in your corned beef hash add a couple of green peppers that have been boiled five minutes and chopped fine.

Cold fish is not specially appetizing, but mixed with a cream sauce, molded in fish models and served hot with hollandaise sauce for luncheon it is delicious.

A favorite dish of one New York chef is potatoes O'Brien. It is nothing more than cold boiled potatoes fried with finely chopped red or green peppers mixed through them.

Train and Track.

The Argentine legislature is considering the construction of underground railways for Buenos Ayres.

France buys many locomotives in Germany. The latest order is for thirty for one line. For years French roads have regularly ordered locomotives in Germany.

The Mexican railway, which not long ago equipped thirty of its locomotives to burn oil, has been unable to get an adequate supply of this fuel and has had eighteen engines reconverted into coal burners.

Industrial Items.

There are more than a hundred firms manufacturing chocolate in the United States.

Southern cotton mills are now consuming 2,500,000 bales of cotton a year, or as much as all other mills in the United States are consuming of southern grown cotton.

It is claimed that the wages earned in North America are double those in Great Britain, two and a half times greater than in France and three times what they are in Germany.

BESIEGED IN A CAVE

A Girl the Principal Actor in a Defense Against Indians.

By MARTHA L. TWEED.

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"Well," said Charlie Elson as he leaned back against the side of the cave and laid down his rifle, almost for the first time in ten days, "I suppose we can consider the siege raised. The Indians would hardly collect their ponies and ride off across the plain with no idea of circumventing us."

"We have an unobstructed view for at least five miles in front, and they could never climb over the mountains behind. It is fortunate for us that Gertie remembered the cave and thought of it as a refuge."

"It is fortunate for us in everything that we have Gertie," returned his sister Kate, smiling affectionately at the seventeen-year-old girl who was crouching near the entrance of the cave, with one arm in a sling.

Of all the party she was the only one wounded, and of all the party it was she who had best acted the part of a man. She smiled back slightly, but without turning her head.

There was something in her whole appearance—her figure, her face, especially her mouth and eyes—that expressed firmness. Muscularly there was in her the same strength. She wore a skirt reaching but a short distance below her knees, a man's gaiters, a jacket buttoning close about her throat and a man's ordinary felt hat, without even a tiny feather in the band.

"When we first saw the Indians," Kate Elson went on, "it was Gertie who whirled the horses round, riding on her pony at their heads and urging them forward, and it was she who insisted on forcing the wagon almost to the very mouth of the lower cave and on bringing as much of the provisions and supplies up here as we could.

"If it had not been for them and the keg of water she brought up herself when the Indians were almost upon her we could not have held out so long."

"That's so," admitted Charlie Elson candidly. "I do not suppose I would have thought of the provisions myself or even of climbing to this upper cave instead of stopping in the one below. And it's the same about the marksmanship. I have been popping off the gun like a boy does his fourth of July crackers, for the noise, though maybe that did keep them off a little. But if Gertie's telling shots had not re-enforced my ineffectual ones the Indians would soon have caught on and scrambled up the rocks."

Charlie Elson's voice had been strained and depressed for the past ten days. Now, with the Indians moving across the plain, his tones became care free, almost jubilant. It was his mercurial temperament, and his sister looked across at him indulgently, but lovingly.

Whatever else he might be, careless, incapable, visionary, he was always lovable, always oblivious of himself. It was the careless, visionary nature that had started him west when his little property was lost and the obliviousness to self that had caused him to share his scanty means with the weak, emaciated creature they found wandering on the plain—all that was left of a frontier massacre.

He never thought of asking her to a trading post or transferring the burden to some one with means and a settled home. His only thought was that henceforth they would be three instead of two. Later she had developed into a beautiful, strong, lovable girl, to the wonder and satisfaction of himself and Kate.

Now, only three months from the rescue, she was returning the bread upon the waters a thousandfold. As she turned her face toward them for an instant there was something of the same expression in her eyes that appeared in Kate's, though with a difference.

No one could be in the tender hearted, irresponsible man's company long without loving him and wanting to care for him as she would for an affectionate, helpless child.

And in Gertie's life, even before the massacre of the harsh veil of father and stepmother there had been a little affectionate care.

"Not more so than you would on us if we were here," Charlie Elson said, as though not quite accustomed to it. "You have scarcely slept at all since we've been in the cave, and you have kept us mumbling most of the time with your funny jests."

"Some fairly well as a rank and file man," he interrupted gayly. "Of course I don't think I lack nerve or endurance. It's only that I'd need a leader with drawn sword. Now what shall we do?" I—

He was moving toward the entrance as he spoke, and with the last word there came a dull thud, followed by a sharp report. A bullet had fastened against the rock near his head. Gertie caught his arm and drew him back.

"Here," she cried, snatching his hat swiftly and replacing it upon the muzzle of his rifle. "They will not suspect the old trick, as they have just seen you moving. Now"—

She pushed the muzzle of his rifle toward the entrance, so the hat could be seen from below.

Almost instantly there were two more thuds and reports, and this time the bullets passed through the hat and then fluttered against the rock.

"That empties their guns," the girl cried. "I know they have no rifles from the way they have been firing. Wait! Let me shoot. I have had more practice than you."

She slipped by him to the cave opening, where she dropped at full length in order to use the rifle with her uninjured arm.

Below she could see three Indians hurrying toward the cave. Evidently they had remained behind, hiding in some crevice in hope of the besieged coming forth when the main body rode away.

Believing their bullets had pierced the head they thought inside the hat and thus deprived the cave of one of its few defenders, they were rushing forward to complete the work before following the main body.

Gertie recognized, with a sudden feeling of exultation that the middle Indian was the one she had seen giving directions all through the siege, evidently the chief. With him gone the danger would very likely be over.

There were a quick flash and a report, and then she slipped back into the cave.

"I shot him through the hips," she explained in answer to their inquiring looks. "I—I don't like to really kill any one, but he would return again. He was the chief, so they could not leave him. They are carrying him to their ponies now, which they have concealed somewhere. I don't think they will trouble us any more."

But she was mistaken. Maddened by the loss of one of their number the two other Indians, after taking him to cover, were seen looking up at the cave and talking to each other, evidently deliberating upon a new plan of attack. They were aware that the party was not strong, but they had no heart for making an attack upon them, intrenched as they were in so strong a position. They wished to circumvent them. Presently by their pantomime the besieged discovered that they had arrived at a conclusion. Then they were seen gathering wood.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Charlie. "They're going to try to burn or smoke us out!"

"I don't think they will succeed," said Gertie calmly.

"Why?" asked Rob.

"They must get above us and drop the firebrands down before the mouth of the cave. There is only one path by which they can climb, and down there to the left we can see a dozen feet of it. They must pass that point to get above us and unless we miss them we can shoot them."

"They may make a quick dash," said Kate, who was fast losing her equanimity.

"I can do one of them," said Charlie, "and I know Gertie can do the other."

It was half an hour before the Indians had gathered wood sufficient to make the attempt. Then they disappeared. The besieged got ready to drop them as they passed the open space where they could be seen. Gertrude and Charlie each took a rifle, leveled it on a rest with the muzzle pointed to the space, knowing that they would have but a few moments in which to fire. Presently an Indian, covering his side with the wood, shot out into the open. Gertrude's rifle cracked, and he limped back. She had shot him in the foot.

They waited some time for the other man, but the next they saw of him he was helping his companion away.

"Now what shall we do?" asked Charlie Elson, some of the old depression returning to his voice. "Our wagon is burned, and all the horses are carried off except the two which got away and ran across the plain. I think maybe they will come back to us when their fright wears off. But how can we go on without a wagon?"

Gertie's face looked thoughtful.

"Suppose we don't go on," she suggested. "The land is beautiful around here and the soil rich, and we would always have this force to protect us should there be any more danger. And then there is a fine spring of water, and"—

There was a look in her eyes which brought Charlie Elson to her side with eager questioning in his own.

"You—you don't mean, Gertie, that that—why, I'm fifteen years older and an incompetent, and you do?" as the look in her eyes slipped down into a tender tremulousness about her lips.

"Then we'll stay," a sudden vibrant ring of strength coming into his voice. "We could hardly find a prettier country. We will make a home on the edge of the plain down there."

SHE COULD SEE THOSE INDIANS HURRYING TOWARD THE CAVE.

No Sylph.

Artist—You wish me to paint your wife's portrait. Full length, I presume?

Mr. de Stout—Yes, full length, but—I don't want to make her only about two inches high.—Boston Transcript.

Conscience.

The boy's a conscientious dame,
When extra ale's scarce she's frank and free
For no excuse she hears the blame
And doesn't lay them to a trust.
—Washington Star.

Sure to Win.

Tess—Charley Simpleshead has made a bet that he will never be married.

Jess—Ah, most of the girls will probably do all they can to help Charley win his bet.—Cleveland Leader.

The Careful Father.

He won't let his daughter attend such a show,
This model of rectitude rare,
It's awfully spicy, he cries, should she go
He's afraid that she might see him there.
—Life.

One on Mamma.

"Gwendolen, I suppose some worthless young dude is going to take you to the theater this evening."

"Yes, mamma; I'm going with Brother George tonight."—Chicago Tribune.

Ode.

Each night on an upright she lies,
Making strange and cacophonous ads.;
Her muscles gain ozs.
As wildly she poss.
Till the cop lies him hence on his eds.
—Scranton Times.

Only One Tie.

"Dad, what sort of a bureau is a matrimonial bureau?"

"Oh, any bureau that has five drawers, full of women's duxings and one man's tie in it."—Houston Post.

Lots o' There.

A certain class of men, we guess,
Are very much like drums.
From heads that hide most emptiness
The greatest uproar comes.
—Catholic Times.

Wanted to Know.

"They talk about tying a knot when they marry people, pa."

"Well, what of it?"

"Is it the knot in a wooden wedding?"—Chicago News.

Poor Woman!

My dear wife's memory is bad—
I tell this with respect—
For she remembers everything
She really should forget.
—Judge.

No Room For Doubt.

Mr. Brown—I heard that she was engaged to Jack, but does he love him?

Mrs. Brown—You bet she does. She has even named her pet poodle after him. Judge.

The Tale of a Tail.

The tail of Halley's comet
Will cring us wanton fall.
But it is hoped that all of us
Will live to tell the tale.
—Kansas City Times.

The Evidence.

Mike—Oh, Pat, the black eye ave ye! Phwat's the matter? Pat—Oi paid Clancy a grudge yisterday, an' that's the result he gave me.—London Tit-Bits.

Right.

He speaks of a thing
As void of truth,
But it's a fact when it's a void
In an aching tooth.
—Baltimore Sun.

Their Natural Enemy.

"So your teacher will not let you wear rats in your hair?"

"No; she's taken every one of our rats, the old cat!"—Baltimore American.

What He Saw.

"Do tell me something about Mr. Oldplot's latest play?" said the young lady on the bottom stair at the dance. "They say the climax at the close of the third act's superb. Won't you describe it to me as you saw it?"

"I will," grimly consented the young man with the split white kid gloves. "The heroine came slowly on and knelt, dagger in hand, behind a clump of pink ribbons. Then the hero emerged from a large bunch of purple flowers, and as soon as she perceived him she fell upon him, stabbed him twice with a handsome hatpin, and he sank back into a beautiful aigret."

"What in the world are you talking about?" exclaimed the fair listener.

"Well," replied the narrator, "you see, the lady in front of me refused to move her hat, and that is just how the scene appeared to me."—London Scraps.

One of Florence's Jokes.

That genial comedian W. J. Florence had a habit of promising a man a fish or some game when he was about starting on a hunting or fishing trip. Day after day would pass, and the game would not be forthcoming. But almost every day a letter or telegram would come saying that Florence had not forgotten; that Florence was just about sending the game; that there was no cause for worry, as a fine fish or deer was on its way to the express office. At first this solicitousness would cause courteous letters and telegrams in return. As the delay got longer the victim would get impatient and would finally be literally haunted by huge fishes or deer, "with the compliments of W. J. Florence." Then some fine day, when it was least expected, the fish or deer would come.

Quaint Hymns.

For unreality of sentiment in hymns we must go back to the eighteenth century. Here is an instance:

An lovely appearance of death!
What sight upon earth is so fair?
Not all the gay garments that breathe
Can with a dead body compare.

It seems strange that death should have been the occasion for a touch of unconscious humor in a hymn. In the collection entitled "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," there was and possibly still is the following verse:

They do not hear when the great bell
Is ringing overhead,
They cannot rise and come to church
With us—for they are dead.

The list of things which "they" are unable to do might be indefinitely extended.—London Chronicle.

Had to Walk.

The intoxicated gentleman stared in a bewildered manner at the sign over the bridge. The sign read, "Loads Must Not Be Taken Across the Bridge Faster Than a Walk."

After giving the sign profound study he observed:

"Don't s'pose how fellersh wi' loadsh can do better'n a walk nohow?"

A Disraeli Anecdote.

Sitting next Disraeli at dinner, Mrs. Jeune said that Lord Sherbrooke must be allowed one virtue—namely, his patient and affectionate behavior toward his wife. "Do you think," said Disraeli, in his deep tone, "that he has ever seen her?"—"Memoirs of Lady St. Helier."

Scientific.

"Why did you get a divorce?"

"My wife poisoned my whole life."

"But you hastened to marry again?"

"Well, I had an antidote coming to me, didn't I?"—Cleveland Leader.

Virtue that parleys is near surrender.—French Proverb.

How to Have Variety In Meals

Sameness in foods grows monotonous. Folks want a frequent change.
And see how easy it is to have the variety all people crave.
There's a new kind of meal for your family every time you serve Beardsley's Shredded Codfish in a different way.
It makes dozens of delicious dishes. Each one new in taste.
You can have it once a week the whole winter through and never serve it twice alike.

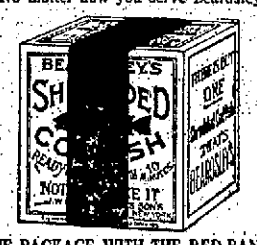
BEARDSLEY'S TRADE SHREDDED MARK CODFISH

For Breakfast Or Lunch

Tempt the family with Shredded Codfish Balls for tomorrow's breakfast or lunch.
Or let them try it Creamed. Or with Macaroni.
Or have a Shredded Codfish Omelet—Souffle—Chops—Croquettes—Kedgeree.
Here are new things to eat which will fairly melt in the mouth.

No Trouble

No matter how you serve Beardsley's Shredded Codfish, it's no bother at all to prepare. No more trouble than making coffee.
It is ready to cook the minute you open the package.
And no fish food in existence is half so delightful in flavor.
For we use only the choicest fish—the finest that come out of the deep.
And we take only the best part of each fish—only the sweetest meat.



THE PACKAGE WITH THE RED BAND

Lined with wax-paper. No preservative whatever, save the purest and finest sea-salt. Also packed in tin and glass.

Have It Tomorrow

Order a package of Beardsley's Shredded Codfish today. And tomorrow you'll have the finest meal anyone ever sat down to.
Please see that your grocer gives you Beardsley's—the package with the red band. We want you to have the kind you are sure to like. For Beardsley's is the only Shredded Codfish. Our wonderful Shredding Process is patented.

Free Book of Recipes.

Ask your grocer for our book of new and tempting recipes.
Or write us—we will send you the book, and with it a generous sample of our Shredded Codfish.

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Some of Our Other Pure Food Products:
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BUYING WISDOM.

The Secret of Buying What is Best for You to Have.

Secret? that so few have. It's a combination of talents especially profitable to the person of limited capital.

Knowing how to select qualities—judging values—spending just enough—getting what you need—saving here—doing without them—It's a long story.

AT THIS SEASON

when so many chances are taken—gifts to be made—at random almost—we put up against the inexperience of the buyer the proposition: If you buy what you don't want bring it back and get the money.

NOW THIS STORE

is full of Men's Wearables for Holiday Trade. The right goods for everybody.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE-CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street.

BRADFORD, PA.

To My Customers

I have now in stock at a very low price, a quantity of globes that fit the Cunningham Light.

Don't forget the Place.

E. W. Strong

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Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Gerlander, Ph. G., M. D.
—PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lampher's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

C. L. Benninghoff,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, at Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women.
Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
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